

# THE PROTESTANT

BURRIS A. JENKINS

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# THE PROTESTANT



# The Protestant

## A Scrap-Book for Insurgents

By

BURRIS A. JENKINS

*Author of "The Man in the Street and Religion,"  
"Facing the Hindenburg Line," etc.*



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*To the bravest men I know,*

THE HERETICS



## NO APOLOGIES

**T**HIS is not a dignified book. It is a wail, and a wail is not dignified. It does not preserve the conventionalities, the proprieties. It copies Carlyle—and very imperfectly at that. It apes Elbert Hubbard. If only Carlyle had kept his digestion, and had not thrown things at his wife, more of us might take him as a mentor. If only Fra Albertus—but he went down with the Lusitania; and *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

Yes, this book strains to be clever and bright and snappy, and bends the truth to make an epigram, the way Pope and Swift used to do. It exaggerates horribly. It is egotistical. It thrusts the first personal pronoun in where convenient, and inconvenient.

It is inelegant. It is Philistine. It uses the vernacular—the language of the street, and at times—Heaven forgive me!—slang; that is, new colloquialisms that have not yet become “good use.” Daniel Webster—or was it Beecher?—said one

time: "If the English language gets in the way of my thought, so much the worse for the English language." That is the literary creed—a borrowed creed, you see—of this book. It eschews theological terms, sometimes chews them.

It is iconoclastic, negative; it is destructive criticism. It has very little to offer by way of remedies. It is but the wail of a child that knows what it wants but cannot put the want into words. I will not throw away my hammer and buy a horn.

There are even jokes in the book. It is flippant, facetious. Fancy a book on the church with jokes in it; but there are plenty of jokes in the church, in the pulpit, in the front pews. Great Scott, how funny they are and they don't know it. The funniest jokes in the world are those who don't know they are jokes. Some of them tragic, too.

This book, then, is everything that a book should not be. It has everything the matter with it that a book should not have, including cold pedal extremities and spinal meningitis. It is even afraid to be born, and cannot sit up straight.

Having, therefore, anticipated every fault that the religious and irreligious press—the former more irreligious sometimes than the latter—may attribute to this book, provided the publishers can induce the press to take any notice of it what-



ever, the little wailer is hereby born and set a-wailing. If you cannot stand the cry of a child that is seeking in the very process of it all to demonstrate that he is at least healthy, you would better throw this book out of the window at once and be rid of the noise.



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## I

### THE NEED OF A PROTESTANT

THE world wants a Protestant. I want a Protestant. We have of late been celebrating the rise of Protestantism; but nobody has been declaring its downfall. Protestantism arose three or four centuries ago, but, like a vein of gold, in miners' parlance, it has "petered out." It has forgotten how to protest; it knows only how to conform. It has grown senile, puerile, dignified, with octogenarian dignity. It dribbles at the corners of the mouth; its blurred eyes purge amber and thick plum-tree gum. It tries to straighten up and rear back, but it cannot on account of lumbago. Protestantism is already very old.

Three or four centuries is not much, in the life of thought or the life of empires. Three or four centuries only serve to set the foundation of some kingdoms. It takes a millenium or two, sometimes, to wear an empire threadbare; yet here is a kingdom, which for lack of an adequate line of

kings, or because of loose screws in the machinery, or for failure in the up-keep, or for lack of adaptation to changing conditions, has grown old before its time.

It was new only a short while ago. It was young, lusty, promising. It came kicking and squawling into the world—a wholesome babe. Now, a puny old hump-backed man, it is dressed up like little Lord Fauntleroy, very proper, very clean—on the outside—and very conventional. How will it get along with the young men who come home veterans from French battlefields, plastered with the mud of the trenches? How can it say to lads who have sailed out over the German lines, on the war-horses of the air, and have seen and felt the shrapnel bursting all around them: “Come, sit on my knee, my son.” Fancy little Lord Pantleroy, effete Protestantism, talking like that to the huskies!

I want a Protestant. There’s not an out-and-out one on earth. Give us another Luther, dead these three hundred years and more. Protestantism has forgotten how to protest; it knows nothing now but to acquiesce, to conform, to agree—except about things that are not worth while; there it knows well enough how to kick, and bite, and yell, and stir up a dust of disagreement.

Even that is a hopeful sign, for it shows there is vitality left; only, the vitality is spent in raising a row over what does not matter, baptism, the eucharist, apostolic succession, instead of over the deluge of materialism, the communion of brothers engaged in blast furnaces of industry, and the apostolic defection of the clergy.

Something's wrong. I do not pretend to be wise enough to prescribe, else would I set up as the arch-Protestant myself. I do not even claim original ideas; I claim only heat, passion, desire. The time is out of joint, O cursed spite; I'm not the man that's born to set it right. There is no wisdom, wit nor worth in this pen; there is only passion, longing, yearning, for a prophet. Like the "Voice" that once rang in the wilderness, so is this little wail of mine but a voice; it is the wail of a babe, lost in the wood, it may be; homesick, wanting its mother. It is not that prophet. It cries aloud for that prophet, that coming one, that Protestant, who will bring us back home to our mother—the pure church.

The babe in the wood is afraid. Poor Tom's a cold. Afraid for his mother—the church; afraid she is dead or gone. Afraid she is gone to the devil—no, nobody believes in the devil anymore,

know—but gone to the demnition bow-bows. People believe in *them*. Business men believe in them, and are afraid of them, whatever they are, more afraid of them than the devil. They are something like delirium tremens, no doubt. The babe in the wood is afraid his mother, the church, is gone to them. H. G. Wells thinks we can get along without her, and on the next page prescribes for an organization with a platform where a new religionist may shout out his religion, and for a congregation to sit and listen to the shouter; also he foreshadows an organization for the putting of art to the service of religion, the building of cathedrals with great dim stillnesses and the like. He seems to overlook the fact that church is just another word for organization, assembly. That is what the Greek *ekklesia* means, is it not? No, Wells, nor anybody else, is not long going to be satisfied without a mother, a refuge, a home, a church; but passionately some of us long for the right kind, the pure kind. Lord, Lord, send us the Protestant!

Here we are, still tithing mint, annis, cummin, gagging and straining at gnats and swallowing camels, fighting over tweedledum and tweedledee, while Thor threatens the world, Moloch opens his fiery maw, and nobody knows what menace is



in the dragon of the Orient. Wendell Phillips, on the way to address the mob in Boston, received a note from his wife which read: "Wendell, no shilly-shallying in the face of that mob." I wish I were the wife of some men I know who are shilly-shallying in the face of the Hun, the crazed industrial Moloch, the almond-eyed menace of heathendom. I would write them a word, I would. This little wail claims only to be a feeble note to those who shilly-shally.

Here we are, putting on, each of us, his little show. Sherwood Eddy, in "Our Soldiers in France," tells how a chaplain in a hospital in Northern France prevented a certain American Episcopal clergyman from visiting patients and bringing them fruit, because it was the chaplain's own show; how a Roman Catholic chaplain got an order passed that no service should be held in his hospital unless all the Catholics in the wards should be carried out, with the result that no services of any kind could ever be held there; how a Y. M. C. A. hut-leader was absorbed in the making of money, the creditable showing of his accounts, the changer's attitude; how each man was pushing his own little show. The same thing goes on in England, America, everywhere in Christendom, all the time, little men pushing

their own little punch-and-judy shows, while a world starves and cries and dies. Punch-and-Judy is way behind the times, anyway.

Some of the chaplains in the army looked askance at the Y. M. C. A., refused to cooperate, were jealous of the interloper. They wanted to run the whole religious thing for a regiment of men, with no equipment but a set of pigeon-holes for mail, and a wheezy melodeon. Then came a fellow who happened to be a commander-in-chief, by the name of Pershing, and declared in the orders of the day: "The Red Triangle shall have charge of all social, athletic, moral and religious activities, and the chaplains shall cooperate to the extent of their abilities." He recognized the limitation of these feeble folk, and showed them where to get off their high horse. It took a military man to set the church right. A blush suffuses one's cheek as he thinks of it. I am red-hot for a protestant prophet who shall point out to us the senility of the church and give us hypodermics of youthfulness.

I am heartily sick—and I am just the rest of the round world, too—of ministerialisms, dogcollarisms, professionalisms, theological seminarisms, —all the two-by-fourisms that are turned out by the machines, the institutions, the conventions of

organized Christianity called the church. It is not that I love Caesar less but Rome more. It is not that I love the church less but humanity more. The church was made for humanity, not humanity for the church. There was a time when the church was man enough to drive these petty isms before it like sear leaves down the wind. "I have seen the time," said Lear, "when with my good biting falchion I would have made them skip!" The church is the half-mad old Lear.

Your professor in your Divinity School—think of such a name for a preacher factory!—says to his young dog-collared nose-led class:

"No personal references in public discourse, gentlemen, no first personal pronouns, no human interest stories, experiences, or observations. Squeeze all the life out of sermons, and utter the rinds in an orotund voice. Be dignified, never human; be stilted, never colloquial; lean backward in an attempt to be conventional, correct, proper; starch your address, your personality, your life, like your collar; and let the chain dangle from your neck to the vestry behind you."

You say no professor of homiletics ever talked like that? Perhaps not with such brutal frankness, but to that end just the same. The effect is identical as if he had talked that way; and the

product turned out is identical. It takes a young man of fire and enthusiasm and personality a decade to shake off the cerements of the Divinity Tomb.

God give us a Luther back again, a Wesley, somebody bigger than either, to tell us what is the matter with us, to protest for us, to kick like an ox until he smashes everything in sight that hems in men's souls, imprisons them, keeps them from thinking straight and living free and growing fine.

Yet, would you believe it, I am an optimist. There is a great deal of fine kicking going on. Something is bound to give way. A whole lot of us are iconoclasts, destructive critics of things as they are and ought not to be. Ours is a collective voice crying in the wilderness. We are a composite babe in the wood. Our wail is a chorus. Something or somebody is going to answer us. We'll muddle into our task and along with it, in a British sort of fashion, until daylight comes, and the Morning Star appears.

## II

### A HUMAN PROTESTANT

**N**OT to talk in the air, just who is the Protestant we are calling for? What is a Protestant? One who protests, of course; but what is he to protest against? What is he to protest about? What is he to protest for?

First of all, then, we want one who is human, to do this protesting. Our arch-Protestant must be distinctively human, flesh and blood and bone. The good God has a way of working through humans and laws and the like. He might work to better advantage, we are tempted at times to think, more smoothly and expeditiously, if he worked through fiat; he might eliminate some creaking from the old machine of the universe; but he seems to have his own ideas on this subject; and creaking does not seem to hurt his ears as much as ours. So I rather incline to the belief that he is going to work it out on this line, if it takes several more millions of years. He will employ real humans to do his best work.

Whatever else he was, Martin Luther was a

human. Calvin was a rather icy-blooded old fish. Wesley was a heated proposition, pulsing with life and humanness. Alexander Campbell, here in America, could heft a railroad iron, and, with all his dignity and learning could warm up to a child. It is of Luther, however, that one instantly thinks, when the word protestant is used. Somewhat like him, then, the next one is probably to be.

"History repeats itself." There is more lie than truth in most adages of this sort. This particular one is responsible for a vast amount of muddle-headedness, of precedent-seeking, of timid conservatism both of thought and action. Our eyes, however, ought not to be blinded to the modicum of truth in it. If the good God used a Luther, a Savonarola, a Saul of Tarsus, a Jesus, he is going to use one again when he gets ready. He seems a long time getting ready, that's all. God is not in a hurry, but I am. The mills of God—well, I am anxious for a human bit of Henry Ford efficiency in them. Yes, he will undoubtedly employ a human to do his protesting, in his own good time, not a little tin angel with a dog collar and leading strings, nor yet an archangel in gaiters and a purple waistcoat and an episcopal ring.

Look at Luther's bull-neck, Airdale-jaw, big mouth, passionate lips, clean strong teeth. Then fancy him crawling patiently on his knees up anybody's vatican stairs, or standing patiently reading anybody's chained Bible, or living sequestered from women, home, family, in anybody's old celibate monastery. I look into the crystal globe of imagination and see him, in his timid youth, trying to do all these things. I see him swallow his gorge; I see his very heart pumping a tide of protest into distended arteries; I see the cords of that bull-neck straining and puffing out the thick pillar on which rests a brain on fire with revolt. Then I see him kicking all the truck around him into smithereens, and I see the real human Luther with a blacksmith's hammer pounding a declaration of independence upon a church door; I see him throwing an inkpot at a devil who tempted him perhaps to the unclean lasciviousness of a cloister; I see him coming home from a journey in the snow one moonlit night, with the first Christmas tree on his shoulder to burst into the delighted presence of Katherine von Bora and her children, as he scattered God's cottage-diamonds all over the floor; I see him, as he sets those big ivory teeth with a snap and undertakes to go to Erfurt if all the

devils in hell are awaiting him, like tiles on the roofs; then I see him alone in the diet, like a baited bull in a Spanish ring, backed up into a corner, snorting steam, but quiet and watchful. "Here I stand, I can do naught else. God help me. Amen."

O! yes, he was a real human being, was this Brother Martin; too big to be only a German. He was very human when he sat down at a table with the Swiss Protestant, and tried to form a partnership. That is, Zwingli, the Swiss tried. I never could see that Luther tried any to hurt. See those big lips hang and pout? See those eyes scowl and lower and smolder? See that big fist as he scrawled while the chalk creaked on the table "*Hoc est meum corpus!*" O, Martin, it is another case of tweedledum and tweedledee, the very things you have been protesting about and kicking free from; and here you are shackling yourself, and, what is worse, shackling posterity with your literalism. As for you, poor Zwingli, you were, for the moment, the larger and better man of the two, even if rather pathetic in the presence of this big bullying boy. At least, Martin was everlastingly human. He was cut according to no man's pattern.

To the minds of many of us, we need a rein-



carnation of Martin. No, not exactly a reincarnation; but an incarnate Martin with a clarified vision, a Protestant who can protest as loudly and effectively as Martin, but with a still wider outlook; a Protestant with the same healthy pumping heart, seething brain, dauntless courage, and bulldog teeth to hang on with. We want a passionate Protestant, an all-alive Protestant with convictions in an age of flux and flaccidity, a Protestant that can roar, and kick, and pound theses on church doors and bald pates; a Protestant that can tear down and build up, too; a Protestant that will not go to sleep while protesting, nor run away from the devil or the demnition bow-wows, nor sell himself to him, it, or them.

Suppose he came, then what should he protest against? That is for him to find out and declare. The whole need not to prescribe for themselves; the physician prescribes for sick folks. If I could prescribe, where would be the need of the Protestant? I would myself be the Protestant, provided I were the big human. Nevertheless, the Voice in the wilderness sounded out at least the note of the coming one, when he declared repentance for the Kingdom of God.

Be assured of this, then, the Protestant will not roar only against the indulgences of Rome.

Luther vaccinated Catholicism against that particular small-pox. There are little pseudo-Protestants a-plenty roaring against Catholicism, Mormonism, Christian Scienceism, and roaring so loudly as to deafen not only others but themselves. They cannot hear the knock in their own particular little two-cylinder. They think they are true Protestants; while in truth they are only megaphones. When the real Protestant comes, he will be like a tank, respecting nobody's trenches or barb-wire entanglements, not even his own, if they get in his way.

He will protest against indulgences in the Protestant churches as well as in the Roman. He will not stand, let us say, for the purchase of respectability and a front pew by the owner of doubtful tenements, child-labor mills, or that stamp of department stores that damn women. History does repeat itself in certain fierce ways, under new guises. Indulgences for such things—the Protestant will not abide them. There is no indulgence.

This, moreover, is only one instance, to show what the protester will tackle when he comes. As with old indulgences of the middle ages, these, after all, are but symptoms of a deeper-seated disease. The Protestant must probe. He

must cut down beneath all forms of slavery to the roots of the matter, to the cancer, to the micro-organism, to the poison of autocracy which, after all, is usually the beginning of sickness in societies. He will go after the different germs with their different names. He will assail creeds, sects, names, forms, disciplines, legalisms, inhumanisms of all kinds.

O, his consulting room will be full of autogenous vaccines, of X-rays and scalpels, of poisons against poisons, of cauterizing irons. He will fear no obstacles; he will cut to the bone. Gentle? Yes, because the brave are always gentle. Sympathetic? Yes. The most relentless prescriber and determined physician is ever the most merciful. Our Protestant will hew to the line—a new line—no old line—God's line. Will he never come? I listen for the sound of his wheels upon the gravel, in the night, in the pain. Ay, he will come!

### III

## UNCLE SAM TO THE CHURCHES

**I**T was a terrible indictment against the church. It was hurled by no less a power than the United States government. It was when war was declared against Germany, and the church was one of the first to volunteer. Up stepped Mr. Presbyterian and said to Uncle Sam:

"Here I am. Use me."

"No," said Uncle Sam, "there is no place to fit you in. This is a united war, and you are only a faction of the church. Can't use you."

Mr. Episcopalian came, saying:

"I am ready for the service. The English are our allies. I am English. I'll take charge——"

"Not so fast," said Uncle Sam. "Your uniform is not recognized in these forces."

"I'm your huckleberry," said Mr. Methodist. "You can make me a brigadier or a sergeant. I'm ready to begin."

"Can't use you," replied the inexorable old Yankee fighter. "Can't give you any rank, nor even let you into the camp. Sorry."

"I'm sure you'll take me," said Mr. Disciple, "I stand for union above all else."

"But you don't practice it," said Uncle Sam.

"Now, let me address a few plain words to all of you—the whole hundred and fifty or so. This is a war for democracy, the common man. It is a war for freedom; and it is being fought by the allied free peoples. We are united against autocracy. We can tolerate no divisions in our own ranks and councils. It is hard enough to overcome racial differences among us without having religious differences that nobody, not even you experts, can understand, to come in and split us up further. You people go out into the rotunda and agree among yourselves, get together, and then come in here and we'll look you over."

The hundred and fifty withdrew, and when they got outside into the hallway they began to confer as to how they should manage Uncle Sam.

"I'll bring our bishop," said Mr. Episcopalian. "He'll soon settle this. If not, he can cable to the archbishop of Canterbury." And he went off in a great hurry.

"Here, you fellows," said Mr. Congregationalist, "we can only volunteer as privates and leave matters of organization to the government itself."

"Not by a jugful," yelled Mr. Methodist Epis-

copal, "we've got to have a head to this thing. Now, our bishop——"

"Then, I suppose you'd make the rest of us the tail," screamed the Disciple. "What about our brotherhood?"

"Shut up, all of you," said Mr. Baptist. "Let's all go take a bath and then Uncle Sam will see how fit we are."

The howling and arguing kept up; and then the crowd fell into groups; and some went away red faced and angry; while some stood to one side and grieved helplessly and wrung their hands.

Pretty soon hymn-singing began. Methodists struck up: "Will there be any stars in my crown?" Baptists answered: "No, not one." Presbyterians joined in: "O, that will be glory for me!"

Suddenly through the crowd pushed his way a businesslike looking layman in a pepper-and-salt suit of clothes. The doorkeeper let him in to the desk where Uncle Samuel sat chewing the end of his pen. Said the business man:

"My name is Mr. Red Triangle Y. M. C. A. I've come to volunteer for the religious work of the army. My pastor and a lot of pastors——"

"Yes, I know," grinned Uncle Sam. "You're exactly right. We've got to have religious care

for our boys. Even the Kaiser and Napoleon recognized the need of the common herd for religion, and so made it part of their statecraft while not caring a tinker's—beg pardon. Well, I'm in earnest about religion myself; only you can see for yourself—we can't go into this thing all divided up, now, can we? It's a war in which the free peoples must present a united front. United we stand, divided the Hun eats us up, don't you know? I cal'late you can do this thing for us. As I understand it, you are backed by all these parsons, and yet you are not a lick-spittle or tom-toady to any one of their bishops nor all of them. Is that right?"

"About right, uncle," agreed Mr. Red Triangle, modestly.

"Very well, then, we'll call it a go. You get into khaki as quick as you can. I'll order my chaplains to cooperate with you; and, as for all these '*Brothers*' outside there in the hall—" here Uncle Sam winked and stroked his paint-brush beard, "we'll not let them into our cantonments."

It was so ordered. The churches went nearly frantic. They tried to nose into the camps, to establish a congregational canteen, a presbyterian pest-house, an episcopal eleemosynary institution, and a baptist and disciple swimming

pool. Never, however, were an Adam and an Eve more effectually shut out with a flaming sword from Eden, than were the little denominationalists debarred from the camps of Uncle Sam.

Sackcloth and ashes! Down go our heads  
Shame upon us for a divided and dissevered pack.  
Uncle Sam chuckles while he commiserates.

But the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross are supported by the churches? I know. Nevertheless, the church, shoved aside for another to go in and do the work, feels somewhat like a mother shut out from the sickbed of her child because she is in the way of the professional nurse. It is all the harder for her to bear, because she knows the doctor is absolutely right; that she is too talkative, quarrelsome and dictatorial to be allowed in that sick chamber.

She can do nothing else, then, but stand outside, wring her hands, and exhort. She forms a moral influence league, and sets the women's aid society to knitting. That's something. That's a great deal. Staying at home in her own divided house the church is a force and a power to comfort mothers and fathers, wives and children whose beloved have gone to the lines. Let us give the querulous old mother her due.

Only, think what she might have been. A sad



verb is that. No use crying about it, though, is it? The thing to do is to get ready for the next war, and for the war after the war. The perfectly evident thing is for the freelances and heretics, the impatient souls who have been galled so long by denominational domination and sectarian demagoguery to arise and begin to cry aloud—loud enough to hear and cheer each other. How lonely some of them are, when the mountains and the woods all around them are full of kindred spirits! Make a noise, gentlemen.

“Marching along, fifty-score strong,  
Great hearted gentlemen, singing this song!”

Lift up your voices with strength. Be not afraid. Get together for the greatest crusade, and the most effective, this world ever saw, the union of God's chevaliers. Wipe the shame-stains from your faces. Long enough have you been subservient to little sectarian lords. Now for a revolution that revolves. Down with bishops, ruling or presiding elders, secretaries and functionaries. Proclaim the commune. Come out of your hole, little backwoods preacher, afraid for your job. Preach your real sentiments. Somebody will hear who understands, and you'll find a brother-at-arms in the next parish.

All the time the earth is trembling with the coming of the great leader. I can hear his song growing louder in the distance. Almost I can see the shimmer of the sun upon his bright sword as he tosses it up whirling, and catches it by its handle.

## IV

### THREADBARE CREEDS

ONE of the first things our Protestant will make havoc of is our creeds, written or unwritten. The church I happen to belong to has no written creed, but an unwritten, which is worse. He will get along without them. He will dispense with them. He will find them superfluities. He will chew them up and spit them out. Good riddance.

Why is a creed? *Credo*, I believe. What difference does it make to anybody else what you believe? Nobody has any objections to your believing it; and nobody is impressed because you believe it. You can't do anybody else's believing for him. Neither can anybody else do your believing for you. Each must do his own believing for himself; and it will be like nobody else's believing. Therefore, creeds are an impertinence, are interlopers, are highwaymen; unless they are formulated, like a diary, for one's own reference, alone.

Creeds paraded in public are, then, highly egotistical, immodest, indecent. They are like taking off your clothes in the market square, to reveal your bare soul. I protest against your doing it. The police should be called in. No wonder creeds have caused an immense amount of hubbub in the world, shouting, running to and fro, and tearing hair, and splitting of humanity up into bunches according to their styles of mental underclothes.

This is not to say that it makes no difference what one believes. As well say it makes no difference what kind of clothing people wear in the winter of this world. There are some who shiver terribly in the thinness of their beliefs. There are some who think to keep out the winds of adversity in life with the wreaths of Bacchus, the gauze of Aphrodite, or the fig leaf of Adam and Eve. Poor souls, it is unfortunate to believe so little.

On the other hand, there are those who smother themselves up in furs and boas, comforters and jaeger-flannels, until they sweat terribly and are red in the face from carrying their creeds on their backs. They need a good impertinent iconoclast to come along and tear the intellectual clothes off of them, the fore-ordinations, the apostolic suc-

cessions, the virgin births, the infallible inspirations, and the like, and let them get a breath of God's cool free air.

O yes, it makes a great deal of difference to you what creed you wear next to your skin; but my contention is it does not matter a rap to anybody else in the world—unless it be your wife, who has to live with you. I'd hate to be the wife of a fellow who wears some of the creeds I know of. That is the real inward reason of many of the divorces in the history of the church. O, I assure you our Protestant will have a merry time tearing the clothes off folks! And he will begin with the dog-collars and priestly vestments, mitre and breastplate and stole; and he will make the priest wear a clean shirt under that tightly buttoned-up coat or robe! He will.

I keep thinking of an old negro melody. One after another the verses take up and sing of the articles of apparel that the simple soul of the plantation expects to wear in the hereafter. I adapt them to the subject in hand:

“I got a creed,  
You got a creed,  
All God's chillun got a creed!  
When I get to heaven,  
'Gwine to throw away my creed,

And walk all over God's heaven,  
Heaven, heaven, heaven,  
'Gwine to—walk—all over—God's heaven!"

Heaven is hummed, low and soft and long drawn, and the last line is pulled out to its fullest extension of ecstatic anticipation. Apologies to Vachel Lindsay.

Now the point of this lapse into minstrelsy is this—why wait until we get to heaven to throw away or put on whatever is detrimental or useful in soul-apparel? Do we have to wait for a novelist like Wells to teach us that the Nicene creed was conceived in iniquity and brought forth in politics? Does anybody have to trumpet from the house-tops that the Apostles' creed—the Apostles never saw it! He descended into hell, indeed! The resurrection of the body, O, shades of the chemical laboratory! You old politically conceived cerements of dead centuries, I'll kick you loose from around the feet of a living man, and without waiting for heaven, I'll walk all over God's earth, earth, earth; I'll walk all over God's earth! That's heaven to me, that freedom!

Nobody else's creed will fit me; and my creed will fit nobody else. Two pairs of feet were never made alike. The agony of trying to make the curves of mine fit into the old shoes of another

man's that fit him like the paper on the wall! My creed only irks you. Yours only makes me tired and sore; that is, if we try to wear one another's. If we each let the other fellow alone to wear his own, we are perfectly comfortable. The trouble is there are always busy bodies who insist on shaping other folks' styles for them.

O, you say, that's perfectly legitimate—to try to teach others. Yes, but not to violently dress and undress them. That is—well, it is taking a bit of a liberty, don't you know. Nobody but the arch-Protestant should have that liberty. Really, he shouldn't either, to tell you the truth. He might undress them; but they should dress themselves.

If we do not recite our creeds to one another, how can we form associations who think alike? We can't. We can't, anyhow. That is where the trouble lies in the whole matter. We try to make people think alike when they can't to save their lives or their eternal souls. There are no two of them built on the same plan. Even if we get a thousand or a million to reciting the same creed and singing it, no two of them understand it alike, mean the same thing by it. Some of them don't believe it at all, and flatly say so. And then the mental reservations—good God!

The mental damnations! The mental pharisaisms, hypocracies! The mental worm that dieth not! The mental hell-fire!

Better give up, my brother, trying to form associations on the basis of intellectual identity, or even propinquity. Can't be done. It is an attempt to realize the absurd. And a certain old theologian gave that as a definition of sin,—the attempt to realize the absurd. Sure it is that it is close by sin, this trying to amalgamate souls into uniformity. If God had meant them to be alike he would have fused them in the first place.

Creeds only have the opposite effect from what was intended, they drive people apart. Humanity is not only gregarious, but also diffusive. It has not only centripetal force, but centrifugal. Slip a foreign substance into the cogs of human society and something is going to explode and send fragments all out through the roof and the walls. The creed is the foreign substance. Never was one born that was not divisive, explosive, tremendously destructive.

My creed is all right so long as it is my own. The minute I try to fit it upon somebody else, it—it is the devil itself. We must find some other way to flock together, some other basis of fraternization, some other foundation of the church and



its association. How would it do to try good will, for a change, love? It seems to me I have read somewhere that "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ—" that is love embodied.

"Very well," cries some theologian eagerly, we'll make the creed of the church the proposition that Jesus is——"

Hold on, brother, not so fast! There you go creed-making again, proposition-mongering. We'll have none of it, we Protestants. You stop right there. Our union is a heart-union, not a head-union. No intellectual process, proposition, test. Love only; Christ is the heart only.

"O," cries the shocked clerical, "How, then, are you to tell the difference between a Catholic and a Protestant?"

"Can't. That's the beauty of a heart-creed."

"Between a Baptist and a Methodist?"

"Can't if they enthrone love in their hearts and come into our neighborhood to pray."

"What inextricable confusion! What child's play is this!" cries the old-timer. The play of the children of the Kingdom, the confusion of the coming millenium, the thousand years of peace. Let us all get so mixed up together we can't tell the difference. Away with the creeds and dis-

tinctions. Let our identities disappear in the universal confusion of love. Come on, prophet of love, and lead us!

## V

### SECTS AND INSECTS

SECTS require no definition. They are so plentiful that everybody knows them. Insects are those who cause sects, maintain them, justify them, and fatten upon them. They are plentiful, too.

It was Lyman Abbott, writing in the Outlook, years ago, who declared that there were in America some ten or a dozen different kinds of Methodists, as many more kinds of Baptists, thirteen or so species of Presbyterians, and about the same number of so-called Liberals, making, all told, about one hundred and fifty different denominations. By now, the devil's brood has doubtless increased far beyond these figures. I have not seen the latest census reports. If any man is not satisfied with all this infinite variety, he may go off and flock by himself and start the one hundred and fifty-first or seventy-fifth irreligious denomination.

In Great Britain the situation is not dissimilar,

what with the established churches, the free churches, the bond churches, and the boundary line churches. There are in the English-speaking world, with its democracy, its freedom of individualism, churches to burn; and it were better if a lot of them were burnt.

What is the cause of all this division? Tweedledum and Tweedledee! Friars and their hoods, their doctrines and their maggots, who have lighted up too many feuds and far too many faggots. Individualism gone to seed. Freedom of speech, and too much weight attached to speech. Fine distinctions of doctrine and the building of foundations upon doctrine. My orthodoxy and your heterodoxy. It is the same old story, the same heart-breaking story, in all the history of the church.

The result? It has been adequately pointed out, time and again. Six or seven warring churches in a little town of six or seven hundred, all of them feeble and anæmic, with preaching once a month—or not at all, to save money—from preachers just as feeble and anæmic. Fighting, backbiting, futile little poverty-stricken churches. While over yonder is a town of the same size and no churches. One strong church might be maintained in each place, if it were not for the fact

that two friars a hundred or three hundred years ago differed over tweedledum, and got maggots in their brains. Further result, six or seven mission boards contending, back in the metropolis, to maintain the six or seven anæmic preachers on the "frontier." More mission boards squeezing out the pennies and pounds to maintain neighborhood mission fields in the Far East.

Leave the missionaries alone for getting together. They don't care to shilly-shally in the face of the foe they have to meet. When it is a question of which wife a brand-new Christian should give up, the form of his baptism appears insignificant. It does look as if Christian union is going to grow, if it ever does grow, out of the tragic problems at the ends of all the earth. Meantime, it is the boards, and the metropolitan forces in Christian Anglo-Saxondom that pull and haul and fight.

Meantime, too, the pulling and hauling is to little purpose. The mission boards are all poverty-stricken, and are doing business on a pica-yunish basis, in dingy back offices, and with expensive and inefficient multiplication of machinery. None of them can compare with the great commercial organizations, steamship lines, oil companies, insurance societies. This mission

business is of vastly more importance than any of these others; and yet the mission treasuries and their measures, their man-power and their business methods, are, to say the least, far less impressive. Fancy what solidarity could do for them! What multiplication of horse-power, what geometrical progression of capital and operation, what economy, what oiling of wheels, what increase of morale in the far-flung lines of scouts and field artillery! The lines of communication and supply—but go ahead and work out all the commercial and military comparisons for yourself. It is easy.

The existing condition is precisely parallel to that of a pack of allies who refuse to cooperate; but each fights out his own little war against a centralized enemy. You can never whip a Hun or a Heathendom that way. It is precisely parallel to that of a football or baseball team of stars in which each plays his own game without regard to the weakness or strength of the others, and each plays to the grandstand. You cannot hope for a flying wedge, when every fellow is a star-sprinter, and, grabbing the ball, runs off with it into the heart of the hostile defense.

All this is platitude, I know. Yet, would you believe it, there are those who justify sects!

They are the insects I'm talking about. They hark back to the days when a parson knew enough who knew a duke—the duke of some small denominational domain, a little fat bishop or a long, lank secretary of a board. The little bullet-headed parson shouts for our show, our ism, competition is the life of trade, we shall never allow our peculiar tenets, our special plea, to disappear in a kindly, close-knit union. No disappearing brotherhood is our brotherhood. No sirree. Your denomination may disappear, if it wants to, into our capacious maw.

Competition is the life of trade, is one of the old maxims that has just about enough truth in it to make the predominating element of lie go down easily in some unsuspecting gullets. We know better, in this day of centralization of business. We know that the elimination of friction and needless competition and parasitic middle-men makes for efficiency of production and increase of output. These are the days of huge administration, of organized and united effort, of smooth efficiency. Don't tell me we are in danger of worshipping efficiency. I know it perfectly well; but it was you, you insect, who introduced the comparison of competition and trade. Now, don't try to befog the issue. All I am here doing is to

use your own illustration, and show how it works against decentralization of administration. It is efficiency—a subordinate thing but a valuable—that for the moment we are talking about. Shall the children of this world be wiser in their generation than—but modesty, and mayhap truth, forbids the completion of the literary allusion.

Here we shade into another attitude that some assume toward sectism. It is the most dangerous attitude of all. It is the attitude of a professed friend to union but a real foe. This snake in the grass declares he is all against sects, he is all for union; but there can be no union, so far as I am concerned, except upon my articles, Lambeth or lambent. Union, yes, upon my apostolic or unapostolic succession. My apostolic or unapostolic immersion. It is the attitude of a foe in a friendly house, hypocritical, dangerous. It is professedly against Pan-Germanism, but all the time is secretly pro-German. It is hyphenated unionism. I cannot use any stronger word unless it be traitor. Very well, then, I use it.

I want a Protestant against sects and insects. I want to hear somebody preach union who means it. I want a Luther who wields a hammer, and then who refuses to pout and write with chalk on a table. I want a Protestant with broad



enough vision to take in the whole battle line, to comprehend the danger to religion and the weak points in the line of defense, yes, to carry the war into the enemy's country and cut the confederacy of secularism and materialism and paganism in two, at Vicksburg or Vienna. I want a giant of a Protestant, a knight of a Protestant, *sans peur et sans rapproche*, a King Arthur of a Protestant, a terrible, a loving Protestant. It will take such to tilt for Christian union in dead earnest.

## VI

### MISNOMERS

SO we come to the matter of names. Words, we have agreed, are very powerful. Names are, therefore, highly important. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet; but having associated the word rose for centuries with a sweet perfume, it would be folly, falsehood, mockery, to apply it to a charnel house of dead-bones, or to the infantile progeny of a certain feline creature. Better save the name rose for the queen of all perfumed flowers; and better call controversial creatures, as well as old buried issues, by their proper names.

There is not a denominational name, of all our host of them, that was not born in the fires of controversy and wrapped in the swaddling clothes of schism. For every creed there is a sect, and for every name. Their denotations have disappeared, but their connotations call up the rankness and mumifactions of the distant, pyramidal past. The

fact that they survive at all is evidence of the power of words, their tendency to fixation in the inertia of human thought and ways, and their ability to keep alive dead differences.

Further than that, every name of them all is too small, too limited, for the great free thing it seeks to crib, cabin and confine. Each one describes some attribute of the church that belongs of right to all the churches, lays emphasis upon some subsidiary characteristic that once seemed supreme, unduly magnifying its importance; or else hangs the name of a geographical section of the earth, or, what is worse, the name of an individual man, around the neck of a great company of men and women who have the right of free passage over seas and continents and national boundaries.

It is the height of absurdity to name a church for a nation, is it not? The English church—the German established church—the Scotch church? As if Christianity could thus be differentiated. As if religion could be of a peculiar stamp given it by nationality. As if this nationalism is to be countenanced at all in religion which, in politics, has played such havoc with the world. There is a deep ground swell of protest against nationalism, a deep cry for international relations among men, brotherhood; and if the church of Almighty God is not to

be again caught fostering the antediluvian and outworn in human relations, she would better begin disestablishing her national names and things.

"Consent," cries America, because she has no national church. She has what is worse. She has sectional churches, northern and southern. Surely a sight for gods and men! She is keeping alive, in the sacred shrine of the temple, what politicians, even, have forgotten. It is the church, and the church alone, that is still waving the bloody shirt!

The old national churches of Europe are, however, transferred to free soil like that of America, and their names are changed. The German church becomes the Lutheran; and is subdivided again into English and German. We like Luther in this country. All the world, outside of Rome, likes Luther so far as it knows him; but we scarcely care to be called by his name, any more than by the name of Campbell, Wesley, Calvin, Goethe, Dante, or Don Quixote.

If these old churches do not take a man's name, they take one that signifies certain phases of church polity, or machinery. There is the Protestant Episcopal, that is the Protestant church that has bishops, bishops clasping hands clear back to St. Peter, in apostolic succession. No historical doubt on this score, none at all! Very good, grant it! What's the

odds! Name a church after the kind of office held by a puny little human, even though in unbroken concatenation with other little puny humans all the way through the maelstrom of the dark ages? The church seems to be focussing attention on very unimportant details, says the man in the street, and giving the name of a very small and insignificant official to a great branch of the Church of God.

If not Episcopal, the transplanted national church becomes the Presbyterian, or church ruled by elders and not bishops. Tweedledum and tweedledee. Who cares what you call the man who rules it? Who has any right to rule it, anyhow? Ordination, how does that give any right to lord it over free-winged souls of men? Apostolic clasping or laying on of be-ringed hands, in unbroken chain from Simon Peter to Bishop Scrope, how does that give any sacro-sanct cleanness and power to the hands of the present little man? Not so you can notice it, says the man in the street, and goes on his way ignoring the church, perplexed by it or openly sneering at it, and doing his praying by himself.

Maybe, then, the church insists upon its democracy and calls itself Congregational. The seat of authoritative action is in the whole body. Very good, where's the exclusive virtue? Other churches govern themselves. The Baptists do; but they in-

sist upon limiting their horizon to a mill-pond or a tank—no disrespect. The Methodist Episcopal church insists upon its bishops, too; but does not claim for them the oil that ran down upon the beard of Aaron. In this country they do not wear the name of Wesley, as in the old country; but they wear a name that nobody seems to know the meaning of, after all. Methodist—whatever it means—certainly means nothing for this age.

And what shall be said for that distinctly American body—the Disciples? They do not even like to be called a denomination at all, but beat the devil round the bush by calling themselves a “movement,” a “religious body.” I have seen them when they were very irreligious! They refuse to wear the name of their founder and be called Campbellites. In an attempt to be rid of distinctive nomenclature they call themselves variously churches of Christ, Christian churches, or for fear of seeming to arrogate to themselves the title of the only Christians, they say they are Christians only, or Disciples. St. Paul lambasted certain early sects for saying “I am of Paul; I am of Apollos; I am of Cephas; or I am Christ.” The last was just as sectarian as the others.

Denominational names are nearly all grotesque and ugly, not one of them is beautiful, euphonious,

inspiring. What a mouthful each one of them makes! Presbyterian is the only one that hums with a certain harmony; and yet even that turns to laughter when you think of what it means. Call up a mental picture of the graybeards or ponder on the application of so goatish an appellation to the great church which is compelled to wear it. Some people are most unfortunate in the cognomens their parents wished upon them at birth. Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational—none of them becomes the mouth, rings resonantly in the ear, or sends cold chills of deep feeling up and down the spine. They are egregiously ugly and awkward; and every one of them limps along or gropes along wounded and blinded by old controversies and old wars. But how to get rid of them?

Many of them were involuntary, to be sure; and many of their adherents would unwind them from about their necks now, if only they could. They are simply the cumbrous constrictions of man's abortions of religion and abuses of the Kingdom of God. Now they are interwoven with property-interests, tied up with vested rights. To be sure, all these endowments and possessions are insignificant in comparison with the great principle of solidarity involved. Furthermore, there is always a legal way where there is a determined will. Time will come,

please God, when inheritance of no kind shall tie the hands of the present.

Then, when you come to think about it, after all, these names were the cause of the European war. How could people help fighting with such a jangle of disharmony in the air? It is enough to set everybody by the ears, striking out in the dark, punching heads and bloodying noses. Suppose, however, instead of all these vibrant and discordant names, the Kingdom of God had been a unit, in name and in fact, this Kingdom could have prevented the belated barbarism of the war. Time was when the church was powerful enough to say to monarchs, "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go!" That time is gone, and the good pope died of a broken heart because he could not stop the war in 1914. To be sure, that was a temporal power which was once possessed by the church, a political, a material power; and we would not see it restored, most of us. Suppose, however, that the same centralization of power were spiritual, religious, God-like, could it not fend off wars with a sweep of its wings?

I am perfectly willing to give credit to the church when credit is due. Yes, I am eager to; for I am her devoted son. With all her faults, I love her still. She has done and is doing heroic work in the world. Where would the Y. M. C. A. be without her back



of it? And the Red Cross, and Belgian and Syrian relief, and hospitals, charity organizations, social reforms, and a thousand and one good causes? We could ill afford to be without her, imperfect as she is. She is the most powerful force for good in all the world. I only want her still more powerful. That's all. I want her perfect, terrible as an army with banners, ready at a moment to sweep away all obstacles before the advance of the good! I hate to see her trammelled by petty divisions and petty names.

That is why we need a Protestant. Give us a Protestant to whom names count for something and count for nothing—a Protestant who is not afraid to call schism by its right name, narrow bigotry by its right name, denominational loyalty by its right name of treason to the great Kingdom of God, and who sees, at the same time, that the name of the Master is above every name, and gives his brethren courage to strip off the winding-sheets around hands and legs and the napkins from off their faces, and bids them forth from the tomb of the past.

A friend writes in a personal letter to me this sentence: "I have less and less enthusiasm for any denomination or organization, and more and more for the Kingdom of God." That sentence raises an answering wind in the chambers of my soul. It has

of late been ripping and splitting and roaring through me like a hurricane of passion; and I know that I am only one of thousands, conscious of the same rising storm of enthusiasm. One day that storm will gather, focus, sweep and tear through the world, uprooting old seated and vested things, and bringing, in its wake, clean and fresh streams of God's pure air.

## VII

### WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CHURCHES?

THEY have lost their power to protest; that's what's the matter with them. They were all born protesters and now they have lost what the English call their ginger, and the Americans their pep. They have lost their original flavor and tang.

Every one of these churches began with purposes of reformation; and with the thesis that the way to reform was to restore the ancient apostolic church. Every reformation, then, was an attempted restoration. Kicking loose from the oppressive abuses of the day, each reformer thought to run backward to the good old days, the perfect days. Then each new denomination wound up by settling down in sodden ease in its own luxurious place in the sun. Suppose we hold the mirror up to a few of these churches, so that we can see ourself as others see us. My own church is among the number here hastily silhouetted.

The Episcopalians began as Protestants. They heroically shook off the attempts of an Italian church to subjugate their free soil and souls; now where are they? They're the society folks. When a Baptist gets too rich for his old environment, he builds a stone house with an iron fence around it, and two iron dogs in the front yard, and joins the Episcopal church. O, there are some poor folks in the Episcopal church, to be sure; but their ancestors were F. F. V.'s or born in England a generation or so ago.

Money and blue blood—these are at least conventionally supposed to characterize the Church of England in America, without too much religion. The jokes on this subject are innumerable. Blue blood—fancy talking of blue blood in America, new America, mixed up America! Might as well talk of it in Australia, where everybody admits that he derives from those who left their country for their country's good. It is really amusing to hear Americans talking of pedigrees. Mayflowers, Plymouth Rocks, Over-with-Lord-Baltimores—they're all a joke.

The Episcopalian desires above all else to be proper. No one of them would read a dozen pages past the preface of this book—it isn't proper. So I can say what I please, knowing they will never, any

of them, see it. Their rectors are all fine chaps—in a drawing room or on a golf course. They are fairly well read, especially on subjects folks are likely to discuss in society. They can't preach, as a rule; because preaching is not emphasized among them; intoning the service is more important. It has always seemed queer to me that they should have produced a Phillips Brooks. But then, all denominations claimed him; and he really was too big for his denomination. They couldn't keep him in bounds. He would pray without the book, whenever he wanted to. They send good chaplains into the army, these Episcopalians.

They talk more Christian union and practice less than anybody else, unless it be the Disciples. They will meet you any time to discuss the subject; that is if you meet under their auspices. They have their plan all set out—the Lambeth Articles—which contain what they think essential to their church. All we have to do to unite with them is to join them. I know one bishop who has the finest address on Christian union you ever heard. When delivering it you feel that here is a man who would give all and yield all for union; but they tell me in his city he will enter into no joint effort in which he and his people are not the whole push. Rectors very rarely fraternize with ministerial alliances. I have known

one or two who did; and I've played a great deal of golf with others—dandy fellows.

In point of fact, the Episcopal Church is much more absorbed in the church, and the ritual, and the decorum, than it is in the humanity for whom all these are designed. It is not so surprising, after all, then, that a certain great Bishop in London, when, in the early days of the war the common people came to hear him preach in the open air, hungry and thirsty for help and hope, should have spent his time justifying, before the crowd bowed down by tragedy, the size of a Bishop's salary. Is it any wonder that, later on, when he spoke on the subject of reprisals for the victims of London air raids, people paid scant heed to him? Of course, the Episcopal Church has lost its pristine power to protest.

The Presbyterians were brave protesters. They were brave Scots. Now and then there is a flash of that old gallantry and willingness for martyrdom seen among their sons; but only now and then. You have the best educated ministry of any of the churches, unless it is the Congregational, and after all you and they are about alike. But your ministry is a straightlaced bunch, prim, precise, almost old-maidish some of them. You are the nearest approach to the personification of Plymouth Rock that

survives over here. Puritan blue-laws are preserved in you.

You are long on foreign missions, and that's fine. You're short on tolerance, and that's bad. You are as straightlaced in theology as in casuistry. Your ministers are masters of assemblies, and your pews are full of sermon-tasters. You are a bit loath to soil your gloved hands with too close a contact with the unregenerate world. So be it, the world will keep on pouring by your doors to the picture-shows, theatres, clubs, in short the demnition bow-wows. Perhaps you would say the devil. I notice, in our neck of the woods, you are unable to get along without the devil, quite attached to him in fact, really don't think folks are in good standing unless they consider his society indispensable. Stick to him, then, along with your thirty-nine or ninety-nine articles that look like him, taste like him, smell like him—musty and ancient and brimstone. Much joy of your company, you and Jonathan Edwards. The boys from the trenches have had quite enough of sulphurous fumes.

You haven't had a heresy trial in quite a while now that I have heard of. Maybe you are coming along, after all. Maybe you have decided that the higher criticism has come to stay. Hope so. Do you know, I somehow feel that there is daylight in

you, after all. So much good education surely cannot all go for naught in the long run.

The Methodists started as good Protestants. They were protesters right. They carried their protests into woods and fields all over England, then across the seas. Thanks to the sanity and warmth of their great leader; they brought new hope to old dried bones, and kindled fires under sleeping institutions and peoples. They have kept some of that fire, not all, and not much of it. They have grown rich, fat, stall-fed. They hang on to a good deal of the old phraseology of their youth and vigor, much of which has degenerated into cant. Their preachers still kneel, in an elegant and perfunctory sort of fashion, in season and out of season. They still employ certain of the Sam-singin', mournin', amen types of hurrying converts into the Kingdom; and yet they succeed in leaving the impression with an outsider that they are far more concerned with Methodism than the Kingdom. At any rate, Methodism is much more often upon their lips. They seem for the most part little interested in church unity, much more in Methodism—ah, far more in Methodism.

They talk a lot about the Holy Ghost. The revised version has induced some of them to substitute Spirit for Ghost. Either one, though, is per-



plexing enough to give pause to persons any less bold and assured. Baptisms of the Spirit are prayed for a great deal more than they are understood.

Disciplines used to be highly regarded; and the Methodists saw to it that offending young folk were properly and adequately churched for violations. Since, however, the church has become so prosperous, rich, and in some places even fashionable, it has moved a long way off from the severity and simplicity of its early protesters. Wonderful how prosperity conforms us to this world.

Be-bishoped as she is, it is no wonder that the Methodists become pastmasters in the art of politics. It is a great field for men of managerial capacity. Elections to bishoprics are events of great interest to the Associated Press; and the adjustments of pastorates at the conferences are fairly breath-taking in their excitement. All this church politics would be vastly interesting to John Wesley, diverting, shall I say inspiring?

I certainly am fond of the Methodist Church, her snap and go, her vivacity and pep. You know what she makes me think of? A widow, fair, fat, forty,—and blonde. I gaze closely to see if it is drug-store blonde. She is very, very fascinating.

What is the use of going through all the sects and trying to characterize them, even if I knew the

names of them all. Besides, I don't want them all down on me. I want to keep friends with Hard-shell Baptists and Mormons, at least. I would talk about the Unitarians, only they are, like womanhood, amply able to speak for themselves; as a matter of fact, that is about all they do do,—speak, and think; sometimes only speak. Anyway, what I am saying about these four typical cases will apply to the others. So, there. Now they're all down on me.

The Disciples, or Christian Churches, were Protestants of the Protestants. They assailed everybody and everything. They got their start by declaring war against the world, like Germany. Now they are more concerned with building up and pushing their own little show than anybody else in the whole gross of denominations. It is our this and our that, our plea and our brotherhood, our missions and our colleges. They talk church union more and practice it less than anybody else, except the Episcopalians. They engrave or paint the prayer of our Lord for unity—John 17:21—on their churches, and violate the spirit of it more than anybody else. They believe in church union, and would practice it on the basis of their own program, in a hurry, if everybody would only see it and know enough to come in out of the rain into the water.

Talk about heresy trials and hounds of heaven! They're a howling pack, and have always got a row on over the *odium theologicum*. Some day they will split in two, if they do not change their ways and manners. Hounds? No, curs, mongrels. A hound has at least a good nose, and can tell what things are when he smells them; but these people have not had education enough to be called philosophical hounds. They pooh-poohed college training so long and considered that any man who knew the three R's and owned a limp-back Bible was fitted to preach, that they have not, in late years, been able to catch up with the procession of culture.

They pray for union, talk about union, but will not practice unity. Unless you have joined your church in just the way they have joined theirs, they will not receive your church letter and admit you to their fold. To be sure, they open their communion table, which they spread every Sunday, to any who will partake with them; but you must be immersed, as they have been immersed, or they will not consider you a Christian like themselves.

Judge Jeremiah Black, a life-long member of the Disciples communion, used to tell this story of his first Sunday, a stranger, in Washington. In the morning, early, he got up and strolled

about the place. Seeing an old negro aunty sitting on a doorstep, he said :

"Aunty, can you tell me what that church is all covered with ivy?"

"Yes, boss, dat's de 'piscalopian church."

"Thank you, Aunty. Now, what church is that, across the way, with the tall spire?"

"De Mefodist, sah, de Mefodist."

"And the one with the two square towers?"

"Dat's de Baptis', sah. I'se a Baptis'."

"Thank you, thank you, Aunty. Now can you tell me where the Christian Church is?"

"De Christian Church, sah?" said the old negro, standing up and knocking the ashes from her pipe. "Why, fo' de Lawd, sah, dey's all Christian Churches—'ceptin' dat little Campbellite Church, down yonder, 'roun' de corner."

Disciple ministers delight to tell this story; but, a great people that at the date of this writing has furnished more soldiers to the American army than any other Protestant body except one, they ought to be chagrined at the estimate placed upon them by their neighbors.

## VIII

### CHURCHIANITY OR CHRISTIANITY?

WHICH shall it be? Upon the answer depends the immediate fate of the country church and the ultimate fate of the city church. Shall we keep on pushing our own little punch-and-judy shows, our perishing little shows, or shall we give the communities a show? Small towns, East and West, are so over-churched as to be unchurched.

Four churches in a village of four hundred, having a four-cornered cut-throat game of it, while the judicious stand aloof and either sneer or grieve. Tumble-down, ram-shackle, leaky-roofed buildings; back-biting, spit-fire ladies aid societies each made up of six or eight lantern-jawed, razor-tongued termagants; a mud-covered itinerant preacher once a month in each pine pulpit, pounding an inverted goods box in denunciation of the other three churches, and listened to with glee by a score of "members" and with critical acumen by three or four enemy observers; a couple of "ruling elders,"

with scraggy paint-brush beards, rule-or-ruin elders, each of whom has a different policy concerning the organ, the choir, or the missionary society, and who, therefore, among them, split the attenuated congregation into factions; this is a conservatively-drawn picture of present conditions in the small town religious "world"; I swear it is.

What's the remedy? Why keep finding fault and finding no way out? That is the duty of our Protestant, mind you. Meantime some western communities have given him a staving good hint. There are those who say that the brain of this country, at least the most active convolutions of it, are in the middle western portion of its cranium; that the real thinking is no longer being done for us in Boston, but in the big West. However that may be, it seems the state of Missouri is doing more business in the get-together line of religious activity than any other. I can't produce figures. I am a poor statistician. Figures do not mean much to me, prove anything to me. I just sort of feel that I am telling the truth, maybe because I live out West.

I know a number of towns where a business-like circuit-riding preacher has had gumption enough to call the business men together at the Court House suggest the junk pile for their old churches, and the organization of a new six-cylinder type, streamline

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body, floating rear-axle, with plenty of the oil of good will and human kindness; and it seems to take. Men who would have nothing to do with the one-lunger churches, wheezing and popping and standing still, recognize at once the new idea—Americans are rather hospitable to ideas, on the whole—and take off their coats and roll up their sleeves.

Literally I have known of them doing just that thing, digging the foundation themselves, putting up the studding and joists, nailing on the shingles for the united church, while the amalgamated aid societies served chicken and hot coffee. There's a Jovian feast! There's a happy family! By main strength and awkwardness the Gordian knot of sectism is cut; the divided churches are scrapped, no longer scrapping, and one single community church arises in the little village, while, in all probability, angels tune up for a *Te Deum*.

These reunited churches, too, are happy all the way. Bushwacking and outlawry are things of the past; back-biting has disappeared; factions have faded away like the mists of the morning; financial problems are unknown; real worship is new-born; a pastor is on the ground for his whole time; when people marry, all rejoice together; when they die, all grieve; and these once God-forsaken villages

become spiritual spotless towns; actually crime decreases.

What's the creed of these community churches? Thank the Lord they have none. What's the confession of faith? Echo answers, What? What does one do to become a member? Walk up and shake the hand of the minister in a business suit of clothes and no white tie or other extraordinary appurtenance of manner or apparel—"yellow-shoed preacher," I heard a man call one—and answer his question:

"Do you want to help this community to live nearer God?"

The question is varied in various communities; but on the whole it asks for an affirmation of volition and not of intellectual conclusion. Sometimes the question introduces the Christ, but never in theological terms or spirit.

Here they are, all sitting in a meeting-house together, ex-Baptists, ex-Presbyterians, ex-Methodists, ex-Lutherans and ex-Disciples. You cannot tell which from t'other. On the field of battle there is no distinction in appearance or in action between a Roman Catholic and an Anglican, a Wesleyan and a Baptist. One chaplain looks and acts like another. It is even difficult to distinguish between a rabbi and a priest, so far as conduct, de-



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votion, bravery, sacrifice are concerned. Racial indications may or may not appear, but never creedal. Ah, it's fine, to be so mixed up that you don't know one sect from another. Thus sects disappear.

The church is then known as "The Church." It is not a Methodist, Episcopal, Congregational church; it is no one kind of a church. It is the "Church at Grapevine"; it is the "Church of the Cross-roads"; it is the "North Church" or the "South Church," according to which side of the river or town it is on; but it is never the church of tweedledum, nor the church of tweedledee; it is never the church of creed, or form, or polity. This comes near to being Christian union; it is better still, it is Christian unity.

Along this line, the problem of disunion, so difficult I know of solution, will be mastered when the great Protester comes to set up all a-protesting. Now please don't begin saying that the Episcopalians could never be content without surplice and prayerbook. The answer to that objection is, it's a lie; they are satisfied. Please don't begin to declare that Christian union must come upon the basis of our articles, Lambeth or otherwise. You're barking up the wrong tree; Christian union will never lodge in the branches of articles of any kind. Please don't

affirm that Christian union will come when the apostolic church has been restored. Nobody knows what the apostolic church was, though many think they have a monopoly of knowledge on that score. Every sect declares that it is the apostolic church. Besides, if we could restore the apostolic church, none of us would stand it for ten minutes. It is not up with the times, and probably would more resemble an ancient Jewish synagog, or a modern Mohammedan mosque than anything else.

I know of one small town where a certain minister gives half his time to a church of one denomination and the other half to a church of a different denomination. Each church goes to hear him when he preaches at the other church. That strikes me as, after all, one church meeting in two places. How long do you suppose it will be until these two merge into one? What is the use of duplicating places of worship, when the congregation is the same in each? The minister himself thinks it will not be very long until the merger takes place. This adjustment is commended to other communities.

Christian unity, it begins to appear, will come along the lines of practicality, action, the "instant need of things," from the foreign mission fields and the rural scouts and patrols, and not from the

doctors and divines, the creed-makers and proposition-mongers. It will come from rail-splitters and not hair-splitters.

I have seen a prairie take fire. A spark fell here and the flame got a-going. Then the wind picked up the sparks and scattered them hundreds of yards away, and another patch got to burning. While you were trying to stamp out one, a dozen kindled. By and by they roared together and a sheet of flame like a tidal wave swept all before it for miles and miles. So will be the coming of the Kingdom. Here a real man of God will kindle a community; there, another. Here the fire of the divine spirit will burn and spread, and while the boot-heels of unsympathetic legalism will be stamping and cavorting, trying to extinguish the flames, a hundred other communities will catch the conflagration and at last it will spread and set the world to burning. Come, O Protestant, with a tongue and heart of flame and set us afire!

## IX

### BOLSHEVISM OR RECONSTRUCTION?

**O**F course everybody knows that mere wild and indignant protest is footless. Why kick against the government just because it is the government? Why get angry at the bosses and storm and rant about it, but never organize or canvass the wards? That spirit results only in a debacle. We have learned, however, what constructive criticism means, haven't we?

Somebody there must be who is thoughtful enough, good humored enough, hard working enough, to gather up the loose flying ends into a definite and systematic plan and program. Affirmation follows upon negation; construction upon destruction; but, for the affections of Michael, let there be Rasputins and Lenines long enough to dethrone the Czars and Kaisers and the systems which maintain them. Then it is time enough to talk about programs. The Protestant will have his program when he comes. Meantime program me no pro-

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grams. There is a bit too much of the program in the vocabularies of the day. It is a good enough word, but overworked.

A purpose is better than a program, anyhow. Yes, a purpose without a program is better than a program without a purpose. For, if one has a real and definite purpose, all the world, the flesh and the devil cannot stop him; while if he have only a program and not a purpose, all the world, the flesh and the devil get tired of him and his iterations and his methods. Given a purpose, a program will follow; but given a program alone, and a purpose may never catch up with the procession. Our Protestant will be a purposeful man. He may even be, to some extent, an opportunist. Well and good. Out of opportunism emerges a program, many a time. One often has to feel his way in the darkness of this world. Apparent Bolshevism is sometimes followed by a concentrated personality who gathers the meaningless storm up into himself and gives it an objective.

How the luridness of this war has revealed us to ourselves! The angry red glow has fallen upon the rankness and inadequacy of the church, has silhouetted against the night sky its evils and distortions; and now aching and breaking hearts turn in disgust from the tyranny of the trivial and the

conventional and call for help, to see God behind the shadow. The war has been Bolshevist enough, destructive enough. Never was such a time for reconstruction. Builders, come forth, with trowel and level, with hammer and saw and plane. Come, Master Mechanic, and show us how to build!

The great word after every great war is reconstruction. The effort then is to heal wounds, to close chasms, to bury dead issues, to allay hatreds, to give scope for new forces.

In every government that has engaged in this world war there are today commissions on reconstruction. They are examining the foundations of industrial and commercial systems; they are exploring the deepest stones of the social structure; they are nosing out life prisoners in solitary confinement and setting them free; they are preparing a post-bellum civilization which, please God, will be more just, will give greater freedom to little nations and common men and will draw all the world together in closer ties than it has ever known before.

It is a fascinating word—reconstruction. It implies demolition, ruins, failures, and bravely acknowledges them. There is no getting forward without honesty. Shall the church be the one to be dishonest, deny failure, plume itself in pride and self-defense, blink blindly like a woozy old owl,

and hoot: "How could I have done more?" Or shall it, too, like other honest folk put on sackcloth of repentance and, acknowledging its state of ruinous futility and division, get to work with commissions on reconstruction?

Its very machinery needs reconstruction. Heavens, how it labors and creaks! with its conferences and synods, its conventions and its boards, its bishops and would-be bishops, its politics and its heart burnings, its secretaries and its petty tyrannies. The children of this world, in their wisdom or unwisdom, worship efficiency. It is a poor god, but a valuable servant. Give us, then, an efficiency expert to look into our cogs, see to our lubrication, reconstruct our machinery, eliminate friction and waste and increase our output. Unless we find him, the commissions will all reconstruct without us.

Each individual church, to begin at the bottom, has too many offices and too many officers. I heard a French major pass this criticism upon the American army: "They would all be officers! We shall have no common soldiers!" And I thought of the church. Some churches are ridden to death by elders; some by bishops; some by deacons or trustees. I defy anybody to tell us, from the New Testament, how the apostolic church was organized, and prove it. Besides, suppose it was organized thus

and so, is that a divine mandate upon us? America has some notion of administration herself. The genius of the Jew was for religion. I never heard that he was particularly adept in generalship.

Give us simplicity, along with centralization of direction and responsibility. It is that for which we call in administration today. If a minister is a good and able man, give him power, and surround him with a cabinet or a commission. If he is not, send him packing and get one who is. Then tie up the simplified individual congregation with a great, simple, efficient and united organization of the other congregations, overleaping denominational lines and merging forces. Hard to do? Surely. It will take devotion, and love, and sacrifice. He will need to be a powerful protester who will pump us full of this arterial blood!

So, then, it follows that there must be a reconstruction of appeal. The church must proclaim a different message from that it has been uttering. It must proclaim what the battle fields have taught us, what the cross has tried to teach us, what the Master over and over sought to impress upon us, that there can be no redemption without the shedding of blood. What streams of the best young blood it has taken to redeem the material, money-loving, luxury-sodden nations of the drunken earth! Thank



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God, life is not long or short according to years or decades, but according to thought, emotion, aspiration, high heroism; and out yonder along that bloody line in Flanders and in France sleeps many a young lad who lived longer than his gray-haired father lived. The church itself must learn to pour its blood, to die that men may live, to exalt not itself, but man. Man was not made for the church; but the church for man. As long as the church seeks to "build itself up," merely to amass treasures and members, it cannot influence the world toward God. It must learn to decrease that He may increase, to perish, like a grain of wheat, that a harvest may come. Good God, have we not seen enough blood shed, our own sons' blood, to teach us that without its shedding there can be no salvation?

Down on our knees, then, till they bleed; thrust in our hands, then, till they bleed; toil till the nerves are raw and bleed; lift and strain until the hemorrhage starts and the scarlet blood tinges our lips; be ready to die as congregations, denominations, that man may be redeemed and live. We must reconstruct the appeal of the church, not for members and money, social prestige and power, but for redemption, which follows only upon the shedding of blood.

This, of course, means the reconstruction of the

ministry. It means a larger type of man, a more consecrated and better educated type; consecrated they have so many of them been; properly educated they may not so often have been. It may even mean the weeding out of many a one—fewer men and bigger men, fewer churches and bigger ones, fewer men and better supported in all ways.

It will certainly mean the weeding out of colleges. Fewer and bigger. Also the weeding out of offices and officers, machinery, boards, and secretaries. Fewer and bigger and better.

Our reconstruction will even take account of architecture. Personally I love the old Gothic buildings; the stained glass and the dim lights; the painted windows and arches; the church that looks churchly. This, however, is not the Gothic age, any more than it is the Egyptian; and temples borrowed from either do not adequately meet the modern need. This is not a matter of taste, of the personal equation; else would my vote be cast for the cathedrals. It is a matter of man's need,—the very thing Jesus was thinking of when he said he would tear down the Temple and build it over again and better in three days. The worst thing the Germans did was not the destruction of churches, beautiful works of art as they were and great as was the vandalism. Let us tear down some on our own hook,

and reconstruct from foundation stone to vaulted roof!

As a matter of fact, there is little need to specify where the reconstruction should begin and end. It is all a question of the spirit with which we go about the task. In order to do any adequate constructing, we have got, first of all, to create that spirit, which is co-operation, fraternity, unity. It never has been tried yet. It would be worth while to give it a chance—good will, brotherhood, love.

One thing this nation has learned, that it must, from this out, think in world terms, not in American terms. Hitherto our isolation has been sufficient for us. Now the world has grown suddenly very small. The church must learn the self-same thing. Hitherto we have thought in terms of our own little shows, our little denominational garden truck and weed-grown vineyards. From now on, it is a world task for us. We are up against it. When we begin to think in world terms, then world results, world relations, world constructions will commence. Now is the time.

## X

### CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL

I KNOW this book is the book of a liberal, a radical. I know it is not a calm, unbiased book. I know it will be vitiated for some folks by that fact. I am not unaware of the existence of the conservative mind.

These two parties have always existed, will doubtless always exist, as long as there are human beings. They exist in the state; they exist in scientific and artistic circles; they exist in philosophy; they exist in the church. It seems that they are necessary to the just poise of society. They are like the two heavy weights at the ends of the balance pole that hold a tight-rope walker on his narrow path.

A conservative is one who wants things to remain as they are; a liberal wants a change. The conservative party is the one which says, let well enough alone; the liberal party says, the good is enemy of the best. The conservative says, our

fathers did it this way and what was good enough for them is good enough for us; the liberal declares that we ought to be standing on the shoulders of the fathers, whether we are or not, and reaching up and on.

Now being a liberal in politics, art, religion and everything else, by constitution a liberal, I know, of course, that the liberal attitude is right and the conservative all wrong. You, perhaps, being a conservative by nature, know that the radical is a dangerous person, upsetting and forever agitating and wanting to make things over new. On which side human history arrays itself is still, perhaps, an open question. Change undoubtedly marks the course of history. Change and decay in all around I see. The lion and the lizard keep the courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep. Whether, however, that change has been upward, onward in the line of progress and development; or whether it has been a blind, whirling, chaotic cataract, is debatable. The conservative, if logical, takes the latter view; the liberal, the former. The conservative thinks the fall of man was a fall downward; the liberal, a fall upward.

I am therefore well aware that the whole argument of this book—so far as such an incoherent cry may be said to have any argument—will have no

weight with the natural conservative. But, then, I am not seeking to convert conservatives, only to sting liberals to action. The conservatives are all wrong, altogether lost in sin. I give them up. They are totally, hereditarily depraved. They were born on the bias. All we can do with them is to give them leave, as Gratiano did to Shylock, to go and hang themselves.

For my part, I claim all the great ones of the earth as liberals. Jesus was a liberal; the Pharisees, conservatives. Paul was a liberal; the Judaizing Christians who fought him, conservatives. Savonarola was a liberal, and Luther, and George Washington, and Lincoln, and Gladstone, and Woodrow Wilson. George Third and the Kaiser were conservatives, and the men who burned Huss, and the Spanish inquisitors, and the de Medici (for the most part), and the men who deny laborers the right of collective bargaining, and Abdul the Damned. O, I'm against you, Tories, from the word go; heart and soul; horse, foot and dragoons.

I hope, too, that I am not to be one of those who begin as liberal young men and wind up as gouty old tories. I am sensible of the human tendency to crystallize at forty or thereabouts. Is that not an argument in my favor? When a world or a man ceases to grow, it or he begins to die. Nothing

stands still. It must either grow upward, or decay downward. When a man changes from liberal to tory, something has killed him, either age or a blighting influence. Only those have evergreen youth, who remain liberal always. A conservative is an old man when he is born. So conserve me no conservatives. And God keep me from falling into that pit.

I have known of liberals who have been purchased and made over into conservatives, who have been brow-beaten and bulldozed into conservatism, who have gone to seed and dropped into the innocuous state; but I have never known of a conservative who has been bought, bulldozed, or degenerated into liberalism. Funny, isn't it? The only men who change from conservatism to liberalism are men who have had a new chance to read, study, touch life afresh, or otherwise to be converted. No doubt in politics a man may sometimes become a liberal through interested motives; but never in religion; it never pays. The liberal, in religion, is usually an outlaw. Speaks ill for the fossilization of religionists, doesn't it?

Sometimes people talk of the liberal as lacking in convictions. How can that be, when he is the very one in the church who suffers for his convictions? He is the man who, in the past, has gone to the

rack and the thumb-screw, the stake and the block and the gibbet for his convictions; and, in the present, endures averted looks, ostracism, and discrimination, loss of place and power. No, the easy thing is to be a conservative, a disciple of inertia, of things as they are, to drift with the tide. If a fellow wishes to avoid hard knocks, let him be a conservative; if he becomes a liberal, he will suffer for conscience sake. He, then, is the man of tried convictions.

He may go a bit too fast for some people and take their breath away; but at least he goes. Down in Mississippi was an old planter very fond of coon hunting and 'possum hunting. One day he heard of a bit of timber where there was much good hunting. He called his old negro servant, Mose, and told him to get the two best hounds and come along. As he stepped into the railway train, he instructed Mose to take the dogs to the rear, and tie them there. Mose, instead of tying them upon the platform, anchored them on behind the car. The train started, gathered speed; and after they had gone ten miles or so, the planter told Mose to go back and see how the dogs were going. When Mose returned the master asked:

"How are the dogs getting along, Mose?"

"Dat young hound 'pears to be comin' along



pretty good, boss; but dis heah thing is goin' pretty fast for dat old dog!"

The liberal moves a bit rapidly, but at least he moves.

It goes without saying that the great Protester, when he appears, will be a liberal, a heretic, an outlaw to them of old time. He will be an insurgent. He will break conventions. He will jump fences and rip up all barbed wire. He will not choose the easy road of least resistance. He will encounter rocks and brambles, and will count it joy to leap from boulder to boulder and breathe the air of battle. He will not drift with the tide, but will buffet it with lusty sinews, encounter cross-currents, and strike right into the middle of the stream, refusing to be bound and lost in narrows and in shallows. He may have to die for his convictions and his great task, but that will be small matter to him, so only he finishes the work given him to do.

## XI

### THE FITNESS OF FORMS

**B**ONDAGE to forms is frippery, and repudiation of forms is tomfoolery. Who wants to belong to the church millinery? The same type of mind that takes delight in marching to funerals in sashes and carrying oriental maces and swords. That sort of thing does not do for grown-ups, for intellectual stalwarts or those who think they are stalwarts, which amounts to the same thing. Some of those enfranchised souls, however, who have cards to the public library and have read Bernard Shaw, or belong to the women's club or the city club, are still in bondage to the form of baptism, close communion, the fetish of Apostolic succession, or the symbol of the Apostolic creed. There may be less bondage or more bondage; bondage is a thing of degree; but after all, bondage is bondage; and frippery is frippery.

On the other hand, he who thinks we can get on without forms and symbols, just hasn't thought, that is all. He is guilty of tomfoolery. He is either

ignorant of human nature, or has not connected up his knowledge of men with his thought upon religion. Here is where so many wise and otherwise men have fallen down in this matter of religious thinking. They fail to realize that religion is a thing for humanity and not for thinkers. Religion is not a Chinese puzzle, nor a set of chessmen, to amuse and exercise the genius of intellectual gymnastics. Religion is for humanity.

Now, humanity easily gets into the habit of doing things in certain set ways. A good definition of a human being is, that animal most given to habits. Customs vary with places and times. It is pretty hard to force an Icelander into the habits of a Senegambian, or to compel the modern man to adopt the ways and manners of Gurth the swineherd. Old customs yield, giving place to new. To attempt, however, to strip the human race of all forms, customs, symbols, habits, is about as sensible as to peel every baby that is born, and decree that no human being shall hereafter wear a skin. Peeled babies have a way of dying; and partly peeled ones have a way of covering up the bare spots with new skin.

No, these emancipated minds who would have us do without church, form, observance of every kind in our religion, remind me of the extremists who,

because one tree of a woodland is dying, would cut down all the trees to preserve the forest. Or because one beast in the herd is sick, would kill all the beasts to maintain the health of the herd.

Hear a parable. A young bridal couple came into their new home. It was well appointed, comfortable. There was an easy chair which the bridegroom loved to occupy. Most of his time at home he sat humped up in that chair. Months rolled by; when at last the young married man began to grow round-shouldered; and a permanent hump appeared in the middle of his back. He attributed his deformity to that delectable chair. Into the furnace it went. Out at the window or into the same furnace went all the rest of the furniture. It was a bare house, now, this love-cote, dove-cote. The young man insisted it was healthful to sit on the bare boards, eat off of them, sleep upon them. The young bride grieved and pined in vain. Her stalwart lord was rigorous, inflexible. He cured his hump between the shoulders; but he became caloused at all his joints; and the bride died. Brides are human and cannot live without things.

Humanity must have forms. It has forms of business, checks, drafts, symbols of exchange. It has forms of social amenity, right or left driving or walking, hat-tipping, hand clasping, kissing, and

ladies first. Soon as we get used to the air we shall have rules of the heavenly roads; east and west traffic has the right-of-way; you fly at twelve thousand feet, I must stay down at six thousand; red and green lights in front and behind, above and beneath, and all the rest of it.

We'll have no forms, cries our stalwart. Away with all the customs that fetter men's souls. Then enter chaos, anarchy, French and Russian revolutions, hell on earth.

Of course it is the height of folly to become slaves of form, as some people do. Not to be able to write a letter without the "Guide to Etiquette," not to recognize that there is more than one way to enter a room, to dress for dinner, to draw a contract, to form a committee, is to sell liberty. Even lawyers, serfs of precedent as they are, can usually find more than one way round Robin Hood's barn. To reduce ourselves, then, to the status of the old Roman priests who, if one word in the service was uttered out of time, one genuflection performed at the wrong moment, had to go back, begin at the beginning and go all through until the ceremony was letter-perfect, is simply to bow the neck to a yoke that neither our fathers nor ourselves are strong enough to bear.

The conclusion then is clear, forms are necessary

as the outward shell and dress of thought. To make them part of the soul of things is to cripple thought. More than that, it is to introduce a foreign substance into the flesh of the inner life, so to speak, iron bands drawn so tight as to cut in, hamper circulation and growth, produce gangrene and spiritual death.

Such, for example, is the effect of putting the Chinese shoes of old observance, as a necessity, upon the feet of the youthful present. We must immerse, because somebody else immersed—no difference who, Jesus himself, though he never did, but his disciples—that is purely the tyranny of form. We must commune in bread and wine, not because it is a beautiful concrete form, full of meaning to the thoughtful, and productive of sacrifice and devotion to him who eats discerning, but because somebody else did it and it always has been done. That is to be confined in form. We must shut out from the communion table all who have not gone through the exact rigmarole of initiation into a visible church through which we have gone. Then I will commune alone, or with other free spirits! I'll have none of the slavery of form. I'll use it and not allow it to use me.

Here is the book of Common Prayer—it is very beautiful English. It contains, however, a lot of

used up theology. To be compelled to pray by it, all of it, and not without it, is to be limited indeed. Must the priest dress just so and so? Must he kneel just here and here? Must he say just thus and so? Look out, some free Phillips Brooks will smash things for you if you don't watch out.

The form that fits—that is the test, is it not? New or old makes no odds. There is something in age, association, aroma; but aroma may easily become stench. The conditions surrounding, the tastes of the time, the state of education of those concerned—all these and more will weigh in the shaping of the forms. It is good advice that: "Don't let the styles use you; you use the styles." The church of the future has got to be pretty big-minded and big-bounded to fit the needs of all.

Why is it necessary to have a text? Every sermon has a text just because it has always been a habit to have a text. Some sermons would be better off without a text; and many texts are better off without sermons, no doubt of that. But why a text? It's a small matter; I only just happened to think about it, that is all.

And why a benediction? Because St. Paul usually put one at the beginning or end of his letters, why should we always have one to wind up with? It is a good thing, rather beautiful; but, if compulsory,

I am inclined to object, just on general principles, for fear we should make slavery of it. The theology of it need not worry us, because each of us has always put his own interpretation on the wording and always will. It's a small matter, too; all forms are small matters compared with what they enclose.

So, down with all worship of the form itself; and up with all worship that form is intended to promote. After all, that is the touchstone—whatever promotes worship—that our Protestant will most probably insist upon with might and main.



## XII

### THE THREE SEXES

**I**F you would know what is the matter with an army, begin at the top. It is always the general-in-chief who is removed when disaster occurs; and the new man weeds out the other incompetents. If, then, we would know what is the matter with the church, we must begin with the clergy, the officers in command. There can be no reforming of the church without reforming the colonels and the majors of the church, all the way down to the lieutenants.

The French have an old enumeration of the sexes: The men, the women, and the clergy. Is there any significance in it today? Are ministers still cloistered, sexless, effeminate? Is there aught in their calling that tends inevitably to emasculation? If so, it is for the ministers themselves to fight the war of independence, and to make the declaration. Come, O arch-Protestant, and call them to the fight. Come, Harry of England, and cry: "Once more, gentlemen, into the breach!"—and the breeches! (*sic*).

There are too many bonnets in congregations. Religion is not a millinery monopoly. It is not alone because women are naturally more religious than men—they are not. They talk more freely about it. They talk more freely about anything. That is no joke, but sober truth. The masculine is the modest sex, the reticent, the diffident. Discerning women will tell you that themselves. No, it is the fault of the ministers, the feminization of the clergy, that about two-thirds of the modern congregations do not take off their hats when they enter,—as they should. Men will go to listen to a man, no danger about that. They will not go to listen to neither fish, flesh nor fowl. Fancy Savonarola having difficulty about getting men out to hear him, or Wesley or Martin of the sledge-hammer fist! Ministers as a class, however, are not first water geniuses like these, to be sure; but they all have a common heritage with these geniuses—masculinity. They have sold it for a mess of homage.

Even a tyro can discern and point out some of the slaveries to which the commanding officers of the Christian army have voluntarily subjected themselves. One does it with trembling; but tremble forever, we cannot shake strongly enough to shake off chains. You have to kick to accomplish that.

If the church is here to reach and influence all

the world, then the minister belongs not to his church but the public. Churches act as if they owned their ministers; and ministers act as if they were slaves to their churches only. St. Paul was the bond-servant of Jesus Christ. A minister talks of "my people," meaning his little circle in his little church; when as a matter of fact, if the church is here to serve all men "my people" is all the people.

It is a grave danger with ministers to limit their visions, sympathies, concern to the members of their flocks. True, these are the first care; but they are not the last. Other sheep they have that are not of this fold. Some man asks: "How many members have you?" The minister answers, "five hundred," or "a thousand" or even "two thousand"; suppose we say five hundred. Then the inquirer asks: "Does this mean adult communicants, or do you include all members of the families?" Suppose the minister answers, "Only adults." Then one sets to thinking: "That means three or four times as many, who are more or less allied with the flock—say two thousand." In the case of larger congregations, it may mean four thousand, five thousand, eight thousand. These are in the parishes.

Each minister is responsible for this enlarged flock. They would come to him in trouble, they look to him to shape their thought and opinion on many

things, religious, ethical, literary, even political. There are some forty millions of church members, I understand, in the United States, out of one hundred millions of population; and the church molds the opinions, shapes the thinking of all the rest to a considerable degree. It would appear then that the church has not necessarily lost her hold yet, nor the minister his influence. These sixty millions, indirectly under his care, what is his obligation to them? If we can set our minds to grappling with that problem, it is a matter of indifference whether we make statements that meet with objection. If we all agreed, we should make no intellectual progress. So take these statements only as individual opinion, if you please; but think, I pray you, think hard concerning the duty of the minister as a public man.

It is the easiest way for him to center his vision upon the parish, and upon those about its fringes who may be fair game for the parish net; to answer calls for weddings or funerals, to be sure, among utter strangers—conservatively seventy-five per cent of such calls are from non-church people—to answer such calls in the routine day's work, with one eye, perhaps, upon the eligibility of folks for church membership; to think in terms of the parish, calls upon the parish, luncheons with the parish, meetings

with the parish. That is the natural and easy road to go. It will take a conscious effort to get out of the road, and according to the Master's command, make excursions out into the highways and hedges—the highways, where the caravans are, the tents by the roadside, the throngs of strange costumes, strange ways, strange speech, in short, where the public is.

Ministers easily fall into the use of a significant term—at least they do in the church to which I belong—in addressing one another. They say "Brother" or "Sister" to a member of their own particular church; whereas they say "Mr." or "Mrs." to one who is a member of some other branch of the great church of Christ in the world. They are clannish. On a train, however, I hear a traveling man say "Brother" to a conductor, or a brakeman, neither of whom is a member of any order or society whatsoever to which the traveling man also belongs. At a lunch-counter I hear a certain manufacturer—a non-church member—address the waitress as "Sister," and treat her as a sister, too. Little words are significant of great streams of thought. Talk about futility of words! They are the most powerful agencies in human life. Nitroglycerine is not in the same class with words. This, by the way, for the encouragement of men whose

business is the use of them. I submit that the commercial traveler and the manufacturer seem to have—I don't know whether they actually do or not—seem to have a broader vision than the brother or the sister of the church.

Now, the clan-spirit is powerful in humanity. We are gregarious animals. Unconsciously the group-psychology works in the ministers, who are leaders of little clans; and each of them can easily forget that he has any obligation to brighten the corner where he is not. It is a simple matter to eat luncheon with the ladies' guild at the church, while at the same moment a club-luncheon or a political meeting is going on down town. Besides, the ladies are likelier to insist that the minister should; while the club-men and the politicians are apparently indifferent whether he does or not. Furthermore, he is heartily welcomed by every person at the guild or Aid Society, shaken by the hand, and told all about things in general and himself in particular. While, if he goes into the big highway and the market-place, he is greeted calmly by a half dozen or so, who, apparently unconcerned at his presence, go on about their business. I have used this word "apparently" twice for emphasis. For I am convinced that the indifference and unconcern that men manifest at the presence of a minister in their pub-

lic gatherings is but the masculine way of hiding an instant response and warmth,—may I venture to say, pride,—that he is there. Ministers may even be inclined, in their constant contact with feminine psychology, to interpret the attitudes and the actions of men in terms of that gender, instead of harking back to the days of their boyhood, with the remembrance that what boys were, men are. Men do not, for example, wear hearts upon coat sleeves. We have to dig for hearts, and dig with sharp tools. Sometimes we have to blow up ice with a stick of dynamite, and then dig. But when the masculine heart is once reached, it is, taken for all in all, as tender as the feminine.

It is, then, the minister's obligation, as well as opportunity, to look upon the down-town as his parish, as much as the up-town, the neighborhood. It is his to enter the civic life, the market place, the club life, the life of men outside their home circles. The secret orders have long been a clearing house for meeting men; but it is difficult for a busy pastor to command his evenings; it is questionable if the secret orders have quite the vogue in larger centers of population that they do in rural communities; and there are other inhibitions that render them only partly satisfactory as spheres of ministerial influence. In these times, however, the club

has become the place where city men foregather—the dinner club, the luncheon club, the trade club, the athletic club—combining the necessary functions of eating and of social, business, civic assembling. These clubs are, most of them, comparatively inexpensive; they draw the best and most public-spirited citizens; are open forums for the discussion of important questions of the day; and are more than open to the patronage of preachers.

There are, for example, the City Clubs, which have become a feature of the life of nearly every municipality today. They meet around lunch tables; their dues are nominal; the lunch is frugal and inexpensive; the hours are usually 12:30 to 2:00; speakers of national or local importance address the club about twice a week; both sides of every public question are given a fair chance; all phases of thought are represented; open discussion is often the order of the day; and every man's liberty and opinions are respected. Here a minister might often get a new light on some important question of human welfare from speaker or neighbor at table; he might get relief from hearing the sound of his own voice alone in public utterance, which must be a terrible infliction; he might often get from some bright editor, or social worker, or thoughtful business man the title of an illuminating book; he



might often pick up sermons from a conversation; or learn the true inwardness of a vote. Besides, here he would touch the life of the city at its sources, among the men of affairs. One of the old-time ministers gave this advice to a young brother: "Get away from home, my son, and give your wife a chance." There is more philosophy in the remark than appears upon the surface of the homely words. Give the Women's Aid a chance; give the missionary circle a chance; give the young women's guild a chance; and give your own soul a chance to escape the gentle adulation of the sewing bee and the feminine atmosphere of the neighborhood that jaundices one's view of life.

It is interesting to notice that, during the European war, the enrollment of theological seminaries in America fell off at least half. Evidently these young ministers did not claim exemption on account of their profession, which they could have done. Why do they exempt ministers anyway? Is it because they are considered too effeminate to make good soldiers? Then it is an insult. Is it because their work is too important to be neglected? Then, with Shailer Mathews, I declare it is a challenge. They must make good.

I know one athletic, able-bodied, twenty-six-year-old assistant pastor who claimed exemption. He is

married, but has no children. He could not get a unanimous call to a job in any church where I had a vote.

I know another, a pastor of a Methodist church, a fine big husky, who sought no chaplain's commission, but left his church and went right into the training camp to prepare for a combatant unit. Verily, he shall in no wise lose his reward. God give us men!

## XIII

### PARSONS, PLAY AND POLITICS

ONE Saturday night, anxious to effervesce—I started to say brain-weary, but that is a presumption—too many men with a thimbleful of brains complain of that killing fatigue—it is killing, isn't it?—I called up a minister on the telephone and suggested that we go to the theatre together—to an excellent show, a high-class drama or comedy.

“Well, ah, brother,” he hesitated, “I—ah——”

“Oh, you have something else on hand?” said I.

“No, but, ah—you know——”

Then I began to comprehend, and, to relieve the tension on the telephone wire, I said:

“Oh, I see. Conscientious objections? You don't go to the theatre?”

“Well, you see,” came the hesitant reply. “It is not on my own account—I have no conscientious scruples, you know, but my young people——”

Now if that is not slavery, I don't know what it is. One is a slave of his children who banishes from

the table an article of food that is wholesome for grown-ups but bad for children. One is a slave who hides a thing and surreptitiously partakes of it when the children are not looking. He is worse than a slave—a pharisee. One is a slave who does not dare to follow his conscience and do what he knows is good for him because of some young person. The young person should be disciplined and not be a slave-driver of his elders. That word of St. Paul's about eating no meat lest it cause my weak brother to offend, has been overworked and has done a deal of damage in the world. St. Paul will not have to answer for it, but the feeble, short-sighted, feminine folk who cannot see how to use such a wise word without abusing it. How about my strong brother? Is he not worthy of consideration, along with the weak? Poise, balance, judgment—why not keep these about us? One strong brother may be worth ten of the weak.

That minister will gain in hold upon the hearts of men and women who does not look askance upon their recreations, but mingles with them at their play. Our Master began his public work at a festive gathering; but his followers for nearly two thousand years have frowned upon most festivities. Luther, the Protestant, was sane in this

There is a passage in the diary of an old Puritan divine—divine is here used advisedly—who tells of coming up the road to a house where a wedding-feast was toward, when he heard the sounds of music and dancing, laughter and song, and light human hearts. He tells how he opened the door and began a homily, and soon banished all carnal joy from that assembly. God wot! He had not even the grace of the elder son in the parable who, when he heard similar sounds, turned away and would not come in.

Have we inherited aught of this mother-of-vinegar spirit from our Puritan fathers? Rather I think the inheritance is older yet—from our Roman ancestry in post-apostolic days. The attitude of the church toward amusements is doubtless to be traced to the days when the chief recreation of the age was the murdering of martyrs in the Colosseum; the turning in of beasts upon them in the arena; the pitting of man against man and army against army, with swords and spears to make a Roman holiday. No wonder the Christians hated games. No wonder this hatred has endured with varying intensity and varying intelligence through the ages.

It is difficult but not impossible for ministers to shake off this prejudice and take a discriminating attitude toward the play of the people; to realize

indeed, that a certain amount of play is necessary ; and to grasp the fact, yet more significant, that when they are at play, the hearts of people are open and impressionable and may be sympathetically entered. St. Paul advised us not merely to weep with them that weep, but also to rejoice with them that do rejoice.

Furthermore, it is an axiom that most reforms are consummated better from within than from without. If we would reform the amusements of our people, be assured it will most effectively be accomplished from a position of sympathy and understanding within their ranks than one of aloofness and hostility and condescension from without.

Yet further, it is just as much the duty of a moral leader and teacher to free the consciences of men by pointing out to them that certain of their practices are not inherently wrong, as it is to point out to them that certain others are. There are some things pastors may preach against never so vehemently, that men will go on doing just the same—because somehow their good sense tells them that the ministers are mistaken ; but they will go on with a half-ashamed violation of conscience. To him that thinketh to do evil, to him it is sin. That statement has limitations, but it applies strictly in regard to these innocuous matters. If, therefore, ministers are

large and liberal toward these small concerns which are not, in the nature of them, wicked, their word will gain power when it comes to dealing with the dishonesties, the cruelties, the criminalities that are actually ruining human lives.

It is a manifest opportunity, then, not only to promote play-grounds for children, stand for public tennis, baseball, golf, croquet, bathing—most modern preachers are open-eyed to the value of these—but also to realize that even the prosperous and well-to-do should play, that the “society woman” or the church worker must loose the tense strings, the tired business man or deacon must re-create himself, the mechanic and the sewing woman, the stenographer and the postal clerk, all sorts and conditions of men must play, or wither and shrivel and die. Is it not the part of wisdom, then, to play with them?

Pastors cannot stop them from playing. A repressive attitude toward their play will only alienate them from the ministers and their gospel. Jesus was too wise, if he had any inclination, which he did not, to take such a repressive attitude. Paul was too much a man of the world, too much all things to all men, to assume such repressive attitude. Men waste their time and breath who inveigh against motor-cars, photo-plays, theaters, operas,—yes even danc-

ing and card-playing. For no matter how clearly one may see the possible excesses and abuses of these things, they will go on just the same whether denounced continually or not. Better save breath and nerve, then, for things that in themselves are inherently wrong and not merely open to excess.

There may be men in your congregation, yes, among your church officials, who, by economic exploitation of young women, are sending twenty girls down the road to infamy for one that the dance sends there. There may be men, members of your congregation, respectable gamblers on 'change, who are sending twenty young lads to ruin and suicide for one that the cards send there. There may be employers of labor with whom you are cheek by jowl, who, by small wages and unhealthful environment of their workers, are sending twenty men down the road to a drunkard's grave for one that a theatre or a club may launch upon that downward, rocky way.

I am not defending cards and dancing. They seem to me almost as negligible as any form of child-play—well fitted for children and childish women and men who haven't enough brains to play with. They may be and are easily abused. I am, however, defending the photo-theater as the new poor man's club that is knocking out the saloon faster than sermons are; and I am defending the legitimate



theater as a source of inspiration and uplift and recreation to the noblest minds from Eschylus and Sophocles to Shakespeare and Goethe, to Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson. That man is a narrow Puritan indeed who does not behold its possibilities and achievements. Abuses? Yes. Lewd plays, and problem gutterwash? Yes. But who is in a position to deal body blows at such shows—the preacher who sweepingly condemns the stage and is listened to in commiserating silence, or not listened to at all by most, or the preacher who takes every opportunity to inform himself as to what is good and recommends it and as to what is bad and condemns it? To the latter the people will listen, to the man who mingles with his people at their play, provided he never sacrifices his own dignity.

Once again, a minister may and should take active interest in political affairs. Another of our ancient prejudices that such people as Henry Ward Beecher, David Swing, Graham Taylor and Jane Addams, have punctured over and over, still blows up like a miasmatic swamp bubble on the surface of our thought. How preachers can stand for such repression, when over and over their declaration of independence has been written in the effort and the blood and the sweat of the greatest among them, is beyond comprehension.

"Preach the gospel, brother," says the church board or the public opinion, and the preacher meekly bows to the mandate and begins dissertations on the second advent, the perseverance of the saints, total sanctification, the question of the precedence of faith over repentance—or mayhap the form of baptism; and the wise old elders sit in their roomy pews, let space reverberate through their roomy brain-pans, fold their hands over their roomy waistcoats in a little more sleep. The preacher is preaching the gospel now, and it does not interfere with any human affairs, so we may settle down to rest knowing all is well.

Meantime, all is not well. Groups of laboring men have hard times to restrain themselves from throwing bricks through every classy limousine that passes them on the streets; girls of the highway spit and curse when they see riding by some of the church officials whose politics and economics have effected their damnation. "Their damnation"—the pronoun is here, I am glad to see, obscure as to its antecedent.

Roar about card-playing and dancing and the elders will say, "He is powerfully preaching the gospel." Fulminate against segregated vice and the saloon, and your deacons will think you are within your right as a preacher. But you begin to talk

of eight-hour legislation, child-labor prevention, employers' liability, protection of working women, purity of elections, the city-managership in municipal government, hyphenated Americanism, old-age pensions for laborers—in short, a hundred and one causes that the Master of Nazareth, if he were here, would be thundering about,—did thunder about,—and you'll hear some little shriveled two-by-four layman who wouldn't know the gospel of Jesus Christ if he met it in the middle of the road, but whose pocketbook or prejudices are touched and gripped by the message, squeaking out: "Our preacher ought to keep out of politics." And you will hear outsiders, bosses, bankers, franchise owners and privilege grabbers saying, as a certain bull-necked one recently said in our town: "What have the damned preachers got to do with it, anyhow?" He will find out one of these days when preachers come again to believe the *homo sum* of the old heathen, and to declare that nothing that concerns humanity is foreign to them.

Is foreign missions the gospel, while foreign commercial treaties are not? Is the sanitation of China the medical gospel, while the freedom of Chinese ports has nothing to do with the political gospel? Is it God's will that a heathen be converted and cured, but be enslaved? Are we religiously con-

cerned with the schooling and conversion of Mexico, and only irreligiously concerned with her orderly government, peace, and liberty? Is America's gospel only to go out to all the world from her mission boards, or also from her Capitol at Washington, her state-houses, and her Chambers of Commerce? All that affects human life for better, that cleanses it, invigorates it, liberates it, that gives it more abundant life—is of the gospel. The field is the world!

So it follows as the night the day that the preacher's possible themes are as multitudinous as the needs of human life, and his opportunities as wide as humanity. He may enjoy a freedom of utterance that no politician can possibly enjoy. The politician is bound down by party usage and prejudice; the preacher is a free lance. The politician has his eye on political preferment; the preacher has no axe to grind. The politician wants to gain votes; the preacher is seeking no man's suffrage. Hence it is that in great political and international crises, the voice of the preacher is sought for cool guidance. Henry Ward Beecher did almost as much to save the Union, by keeping England off our back, as Abraham Lincoln did at the White House.

How then shall ministers be ready against emergency, unless they fit themselves for their high task?

It is theirs to mingle with politicians, attend political meetings, read the political news and discussions, and consort with the men who are bringing on the very crises that they will have to help to face. Since, furthermore, the greatest problems of America, in the decade that is just upon us, are different from any we have ever met before, are foreign and not domestic, our reading and our thinking must be in world terms and not in provincial, theological, denominational terms. History—its whole course—we shall need to know something of; economics, its newest findings, we shall need to acquaint ourselves with.

One of the greatest handicaps of the clerical profession lies in this very complexity of its concerns. The world is so full of a number of things, all of which concern them and their people, that they are inclined to read in desultory fashion, and to think, in a haphazard way, all over the world. The cry for system in a preacher's reading and thinking can only be answered by his sense of responsibility as a public man. If his utterance is essential upon a given question, he must make himself master of that question, so far as in him lies. System, concentration, exclusion of petty diversions of attention—these are absolute necessities. Freedom from small annoyance, that one may have time and

strength for great concerns—these the churches will be glad to give their pastors on demand; and this they must have for the portentous days just ahead.

Need the ministry fail in its grip upon the day and time? By no means. If it is true that the ministry no longer enjoys the blind, unquestioning prestige of an earlier time, the authority, almost infallible, that attached to it in the younger days of our republic, it can and does enjoy a different, though no less commanding, position in the public life of our present day. The call for prophets, protestants, was never louder nor more insistent in Israel six centuries before Christ than it is in America at this hour.

The preacher is a mere talking machine? Let it be so. There is nothing in all the world more dynamic than words—and the ideas that lie back of words. That weapon is more powerful than the machine-gun or the mortar; for it does not take life, but gives it. Words, how they can galvanize men into action, how they can cause old men to see visions and young men to dream dreams, how they can make breath come in gasps and hearts beat quicker, how they can cause mute inglorious Miltons to move in epics, go forth upon crusades, lay down arms or take them up, vote highly and finely,

and make treaties for the blessing of mankind! Never was there a century when the word of the preacher can count for so much as this Twentieth, if he will but realize and grasp his opportunity and high calling to be a people's man! Dear God, wake them up and make prophets and protestants out of them instead of fat and sleepy priests!

## XIV

### PEDAGOGY VERSUS DEMAGOGUERY

**T**O get to the root of things, you have to begin with the educational system. That is the way Prussianism got at the bottom. It began with the child—man-child, woman-child—and trained him from infancy to be a part of the great machine. It squeezed the individuality out of him and made him a little four-eyed automaton, a cog in the system of subservience to the state. The soul was nothing, the state was all. We see it plainly enough now, this Prussianized education, beginning with the babes and ending with the doctors in the universities; beginning with the German school-master—a past-master at his business—and ending with Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Von Bernhardi.

An American friend of mine, in a German university, told me how, at a little party, he offended against German social usage without knowing it; he sat upon the sofa beside the dowager aunty; it is unheard of to sit upon the sofa unless you are



the most distinguished person present. Now the young American was far from distinguished; and the fat old aunty was the all in all in that assembly. Promptly, a young German student led my friend out, and offered him a card and a duel, because of the insult to the redoubtable dowager.

"No," said the American, "I won't fight a duel; but I'll apologize to the Aunty; meantime, take your coat off and I'll lick the stuffing out of you."

The young American squared away with his fists; and, if there had been any free manhood left in that machine-made household, healthy blood would have been healthily shed from healthy noses; but no, that is not part of the education of Prussianism. No individuality, if you please; all things according to etiquette, chilled steel, hollow-ground, milled.

The point of this little story is merely that the educational system of Germany has been effective; it has accomplished what it was designed to accomplish. One day in France, we asked an old French territorial guarding some German prisoners, if they worked well. "O yes," was the reply, "are they not slaves?"

Education lies at the base of things. Reform that, and you reform the state, the society, the civilization, the church. If religion is to be more effective, education must be more effective; if religion is to

be bigger and stronger, then education must be bigger and stronger.

The idea of trying to legislate religion out of the public schools is as futile as trying to legislate nitrogen out of the air; just as well say, no realism or no romanticism shall be taught in classes in English; no aesthetics in drawing or music. Who is running this country anyway, religionists or atheists or even agnostics? You can't keep God out of a school-room or a child's heart. Better see to it, then, that He is not mistaken for the devil, or that the devil does not come in and masquerade.

It is quite possible to run clear silver streams of religious thought into school-rooms, without muddying the waters with denominational and sectarian silt. It has been done. I remember a large, strong-minded teacher who gave her pupils each day drink from the universal springs; and no Hebrew or Roman Catholic or even Mohammedan could take offense. This was water of life, and never lost by those who sat in her school. It is the height of folly to neglect entirely the religious education of our young just because of the sectism that has us by the throat.

To drill religious leaders, moreover, better provision must be made than we yet possess to meet the huge tasks of the coming age. You cannot make

virile commanding officers in a kindergarten. At present we train our ministers in little sectarian colleges far removed from the currents of thought and life. Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a student at the other, once constituted a college; but those times are gone; besides, Mark Hopkins is dead; and his duplicates are not lying around loose.

This is not to say that these little Waterbury colleges are not better than none. They have turned out some masculine men; but then you can't repress virility and manliness in some fellows; and one is tempted to believe that these men have become what they have in spite of, and not because of, their Alma Maters. There are boys who grow big, even though kept in knee pants; then, finally they force their way into trousers or overalls.

Either the little denominational college has got to grow into a big, free, open, non-sectarian institution, or it has got to die; one or the other, quick. To take the young neophyte into the secluded, elm-lined cloisters, there to be patted, coddled, moulded into correct denominational form, to believe what he is told to believe, to teach what he is told to teach, to cut his every thought by the pattern of a hay-seed professor, or a starched-collared, white-tied, frock-coated antediluvian of the Crustacean period, is somewhat out of date in this age of trench

warfare. To equip the aspiring young cleric with a wall-map of the journeys of the twelve tribes or of St. Paul, together with a limp-backed Bible in English, Greek, or Hebrew, and then turn him loose on an unsuspecting public, is circulating counterfeit, and ought to be punishable with imprisonment.

What the officers of the church army need is the clean, sweeping winds of the university, scientific winds that blow away chaff and crude beliefs, philosophic winds that clear the dust from the footprints of those thousands who have walked this way before, artistic winds that sing the immortal harmonies of poets, saints, seers, prophets of all religions and all ages. O my soul, if only the years I spent in the dingy denominational atmospheres had been lived—yes lived—in the libraries and laboratories and associations of the free! Ah well, I made my bed, now let me lie in it. No. I did not make my bed. The “fathers” of my denomination made my bed; and there are “fathers” yet who are going on making beds, iron beds, procrustean beds, narrow beds, two by four beds; and conscientious young men who want to preach think it their duty, as I did, to go to the sectarian kindergarten, “to get started right.” I’m for smashing all the narrow beds, pitching them onto the junk-pile, and melting them up in the great fusing pot of the future. They

will die all right, these sectarian colleges, I know; but I would like to administer an overdose of morphine to ease their pain.

Believe me they are in pain, too. What with scraping for funds, starving their professors, and what is worse starving their libraries and laboratories and students, fighting heresy hunters, the hounds of heaven, splitting hairs over texts, sectarian slogans, trimming off the individual excrescences of promising young fellows to make them fit into the denominational mold. Yes, mold, green mold, moss-grown mold. All that is exquisite pain.

I am aware that some of our greatest universities grew out of little denominational colleges. That is just the point, they grew out. Who would think of classing Harvard and Yale as denominational now? They once were, but they outgrew it. Either outgrow it or die, that is the mandate of history and of the coming day, to the sectarian institution. Thumbs up or thumbs down, one or the other. There is no compromise with sectism in the relentless logic of the times.

As to the Divinity Schools, the West Point and the Annapolis of the church, they are the limit of mustiness, ministerialism, mumification. Reform them altogether, Hamlet would say. Tear them clear down and build them all over. What's the use

of pouring Hebrew history and Hebrew root-tea into American youth? Are we rebuilding Judaism? Any able-minded young chap can read enough Hebrew history to suffice some summer when he takes a holiday. What he needs, if he is to lead a church full of people, is not Hebrew, but human nature. Not one divinity graduate in a thousand ever looks up his text in Hebrew. Why a text, anyhow? We do not live in an age that respects texts. This is not the day of the Talmud. If the church is to claim men, in this day of the world, it must know men, study men, think about men, read about men, and not the sarcophagi of dead civilizations or uncivilizations.

"Ingrate!" Some one will cry, "To kick the ladder by which he has mounted even to the little height where he now stands." O, I don't know about that. It was all better than no ladder at all, but the good is enemy of the best. No use putting up with a rickety ladder, and a short ladder, when it is possible to build a solid and a tall one for our sons. "It always has been done this way,"—what an enemy to progress, to life! "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time." Get hammers, ye modern souls, and with the clattering of their knocking, drown out the men of old time.

If divinity students would read as much Dante

as divinity, as much Shakespeare as sacred history, as much English as Greek and Hebrew, as much science and philosophy as church history and as much Herbert Spencer, Hume, Ingersoll and Bernhard Shaw as homiletics, it would be far more to the point and to their profit as leaders of men. O, the time wasted by the callow theologue,—the valued hours stolen from the young,—hours, their most precious possession,—by starched and ironed professors with white mutton-chops! The golden days gone forever in the mustiness of divinity classrooms and libraries, poring over parchments, days that would be golden, indeed, if spent with artists, poets, scientists, philosophers, all the kings and princes that Ruskin says are anxious to talk with us if we will but open our ears. I say, then, dynamite the Divinity School! Smash it, knock it down, revamp it—no, let's not even use the same materials, but make it all over new. I don't say how—I'm not the Protestant, but only the destructive critic.

When the great Protestant comes, he will give our sons leeway and elbow-room; he will detect the slant of this one's mind, and of that one's; he will lead them out to Elysian hours in the Elysian fields of human interest, ancient, medieval, modern, speculative or mathematical, industrial or artistic, according to the genius of each one; he will unfold

the wings of the young and teach them to mount up as eagles to heights of true leadership; then shall they become bell-wethers of their flocks and be no longer flat-tailed followers at the heels of others. Come, arch-Protestant, come and reconstruct our religious West Points; and give us straight, strong, fearless young lieutenants who shall grow into brigadiers and major-generals!



## XV

### INSTITUTES AND OTHER TOOTS

**I**F the classical and laborious theological school does not fill the bill, there is nothing to be said favorable to the cheap and rapid institute, or Bible college, which, in some quarters, is designed to take its place. Nothing is ever gained by slacking. There is no royal road, short-cut or primrose path, to learning and leadership. Don't let anybody suppose, for a minute, that it is here contended that pains should be spared in the training of youth for command in the Kingdom of God. Quite the contrary.

These institutes or Bible colleges, usually connected with some fad-ridden denomination or section of a denomination, some millenarian school of interpretation of Daniel and Revelation, some "kivver to kivver" cult of text-worshippers, or some whoop-her-up type of evangelism, are the attempts of the uneducated to palm off their own ignorance as if it were education. No sooner does an evangel-

ist, or a company of them, a faddist, or mind-healer gain some popular sway than he thinks it needful to establish an institute or a college, and perpetuate his own limitations. Little imitations of him are turned out by the score, rammed full of shreds of his personality and pet theories, and turned out as "graduates" to shove their followers deeper down into the blackness of ignorance, and to alienate from the church every college man-of-the-world who knows good English when he meets it face to face, and who possesses the pass-words of the fraternities of culture.

Good-bye to the slatternly, carpet-slippered, down at the heel College or Institute of the Bible. It takes certain interpretations of scripture, by some legalist, literalist of the long ago, pours them like powder and shot down the muzzle of the open-mouthed student, covers them with a wad, and sends him out to shoot them off in approved and perfunctory fashion at the public. It calls this training for service.

"What will you have, then?" queries some one. "You would tear down the Bible Institute, the Divinity School, the denominational college; what would you give us in place of them? Be constructive." Constructive! I grow a bit weary of that word constructive. We ride good words to death,

like "obsession" and "gripping" and "function" and "values." Sometimes we need more destruction and less construction. What is the use to go on constructing when we are doing it crazily? Let us tear down and begin sanely. I insist again that this is an essay in destruction. I only wish there were high explosive enough in it to clear the ground a bit, so the arch-Protestant, when he comes, who will be a real builder, could begin to construct; but if a suggestion or two you must have, then here goes for one.

Send the would-be preacher to a Yale, a Harvard, a State University—O, not primarily to the Divinity schools at or near these places, but primarily to the universities themselves. Send him there not to study divinity, but to get an all around West Point education.

Send him there not for courses in homiletics. How can anybody teach another body to preach? It was a homiletical nobody who advised Phillips Brooks to go back to the farm, for he never could be a clergyman. It is homiletical somebodies and nobodies who have sat, spectacles on noses, and read or listened to the effusions of young theologues, and then squeezed the life and soul out of them—effusions and theologues both. Can't be done. Nobody can teach another to preach. One must teach

himself—God must teach him by time, experience, hard-knocks and bitter swallowing of tears. The inter-college debates, however, can teach the aspirant in public speech. The classes in English composition, theme-writing, and literary criticism and appreciation can brace him up far better than any homiletical guy-rope.

A young man with a stained apron, in a chemical laboratory or a physical one, in a zoological dissecting room cutting up a dead frog, is in a better place to learn to preach than in the dim irreligious light of a divinity chapel, holding forth before a class and a professor, in mimic ministry. A young lad struggling on the football field, or standing up in the open university assembly for some just measure of college discipline or college politics, is in far better training for the life and death grapple with forces he must one day meet in the pulpit or the city hall, than in any cloistered seminary that ever was built and endowed by consecrated or desecrated wealth. A young man, walking with a virile companion, unafraid of science, truth, investigation under the stars on an autumn night, beneath the domes of a great observatory, or, it may be, leaning to chat, on a lazy spring afternoon, through the open windows of a laboratory or a library, is in far better way to become a manly minister and religious leader

than in the sheltered seclusion of the sectarian hot-house.

Send him to the university, the great, overpowering, wealthy, daring, dashing university that fears neither man, God, nor devil; that fears no denominational rich man and does not stoop to court his favor; that fears not God but loves him and all his truth and all kinds of his truth; that fears no devil, but with the light exorcises all devils, big and little.

Send him to a university where he will be a little duck in a big puddle, where his *amour propre* may suffer; where the gentle adulation paid to him as the smartest boy in the district or the high school or academy will give way to indifference or even contempt; where for a time he may eat his bread in loneliness and tears; but where, on the ruins of his former little self will rise a freer, a larger and a manlier man.

Send him to the university, where he will learn how small is his denomination, how insignificant his sect; where he will learn how wide and free is the scope and swing of truth; where some comprehension of other solar systems than his own will enter into his soul; where he will realize, perhaps with pain, that doctrines he had thought so important are neither here nor there, that bug-a-boos greatly

feared in his county or his conference are bogeys of benighted minds and superstitious, harmless figments. The pain will pass, and infinite relief will come.

How about some modicum of professional training? Like all other callings there must, of course, be for this leadership some specialization. Yes; but not so much as for other callings. A rounded culture, a taste of universal learning is far more important. Why train a man who, in the best sense of the phrase, is to be a man of the world, to a high degree of specialism in any one branch of biblical or theological learning? Not unless he aims at being a professor. What little professionalism is needful—and one often feels, the less the better—may accompany a course for Bachelor or Master of Arts, or Doctor of Philosophy. Why a Bachelor of Divinity, anyhow? The degree is almost as bad as a text. While we are destroying things, suppose we destroy that, and all it denotes and connotes.

If, however, the lad is turned loose in the free, sweeping winds, on the wide prairies of the university, he may never preach at all. Well and good. So much the better. He never should have preached, anyway. Was it Spurgeon who advised every young man who consulted him not to preach, if he could possibly help it? Unless woe is me if I preach not

the gospel, it were better never to mount a pulpit. This is a hard saying, and might greatly reduce the numbers of the clergy. It might also improve the breed. Fewer and better is a fine slogan regarding converts, Sunday School teachers, pastors of churches, denominations and things.

When all is said and done, on the other hand, it is strange and rather beautiful what unpromising material can be made to succeed in the ministry. Men of mediocre brain and parts, men who have little else but character and devotion to recommend them, no beauty and graces that men should desire them, are taken, for their evident sincerity, to the hearts of communities, are loved and revered for their self-abnegation, and are respectfully followed by many far abler than themselves. This is one of the never-ending surprises.

After all, then, the thing that, in our training of religious leaders should concern us most, is to find the niche and the kind of niche that each aspirant should occupy, and then to develop him for that particular place. Should we not take a leaf from the book of the Roman Catholic Church, the old mother, who never turns away a man that wants to serve? Is he a wayfaring man, simple of mind? She finds him a hood and cassock, and a mendicant's pouch. Is he possessed of a brain like a Damascus blade?

She does not relegate him to the back-country parish, but gives him a Cardinal's red-hat. If there must be major-generals in the church forces, there must also be majors, lieutenants, even sergeants. There is a mischief of a pickle, however, when the sergeant gets into the seat of the major-general! That happens, now and again, in our hit and miss disorganization and sectarianism.

Assuredly, one of the very first things our Protestant when he comes will concern himself with, is the destruction of old educational formulas, ways, and manners, respected simply because ancient, and the construction of new curricula, new customs, enlarged liberties, increased fearlessness, swimming-schools and athletic fields, cavalry practice, jumping hurdles, and airplane flights in the limitless blue, for the young cadets who are one day to marshal the hosts of the re-formed church. Then and only then shall we be able to sing without lying in our throats:

"Like a might army, moves the Church of God.  
Brothers, we are treading where the Saints have trod.  
We are not divided, all one body we,—  
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity."



## XVI

### THE IRRELIGIOUS PRESS

**T**HERE are no religious newspapers any more. They have all either been amalgamated with illustrated weeklies and become social and political magazines, or else they have degenerated into cat-and-dog controversialism and petty gossip. Is the age so material that it will not subscribe for a paper that does not immerse itself in the social and political news and discussion of the day? Or is it so pugnacious that it must be fed on fights?

Far the larger part of the denominational press—that is the best adjective; our decadence all runs back to that same demon, denominationalism—is given over to biting criticism of the doctrinal delinquencies of its contemporaries with a constant eye cocked toward the counting room. If you want plenty of subscribers, assail somebody's orthodoxy. Go on a crusade against windmills or windbags; carry a boiler-lid shield and a pitchfork; put on the whole armor of polemic intolerance, from the black pot helmet of ignorance and the smutted breastplate

of hypocrisy, to the greaves and sandals of commercialism. Defend the faith once for all delivered to the saints—O, you are the saints, no doubt; and sanctity will perish with you! Ask for the old paths—the old alleys, slippery with slime, offal, manure; never walk in new fields where flowers are, and birds and free, pure air; it will not pay.

The denominational journal must not publish aught with literary merit in it; for literary merit implies brains; and brains implies impatience with tradition and convention, ring-in-the-nose subserviency, orthodoxy and denominational subjection. There never was a pen dripping fire that could be bought and owned by a denomination or a corporation. Ergo, the D. D.'d journal, is at worst fork-tailed and cloven-hoofed with controversy, and, at best, colorless, tasteless, namby-pamby, barley-soup. It either burns your breath with carbolic, or it tastes like sawdust.

Around this dreary waste of no-man's land it spreads barbed-wire in the form of denominational news, gossip, to catch the clothing of jaded attention. "Brother So-and-So preached twice at Slab-side cross-roads, and a crosseyed woman shed tears." "A new temple of denominationalism was dedicated on the eighteenth at Podunk, where six others already are." "Doctor Dinks had a donation

party given to him at Rabbit-hash. He received all the things other people did not want and he could not use. His family were overcome." "Circuit-rider Boots got stuck in the mud at Goose-neck Ford and could not meet his appointment last Sunday at Stake-and-Rider. The congregation were relieved that it was no worse." "Roaring revival in progress at Howling Wilderness. Ten more were yelled into the Kingdom at last report."

O, Protestant, come along and put out a religious journal that is not so crassly irreligious. I believe it would pay. Not at first. An editor or two might starve; but there are men who love to starve for high causes. I know one or two editors who refuse ease and emolument rather than to sell their pens and gifts. I know one or two religious papers—chastely and profoundly religious. Nothing goes into their columns that offendeth and maketh a noise—almost nothing, only now and then a lapse. They take a wide-world view; they do not believe in the line of demarkation between the sacred and the secular; at the same time they do not degenerate into mere newspaper weeklies.

I know of one such paper circulating in Great Britain, widely read, influential, powerful, and paying. No reason why such a really religious paper might not pay in other parts of the world. Great

Britain has no legitimate monopoly of brains and religion.

Why should a publication be goody-goody, just because it circulates in the interests of the church? Why should its editors think that its readers read nothing else, come into no other contact with the world, sit forever sheltered under its emasculation? Recently I wrote a war story at the request of a certain Guardian of Orthodoxy. They read the manuscript and wrote: "O, yes, it is interesting, even thrilling. It has literary merit, etc., etc. The hero and heroine both get religion, to be sure, but not just our kind of religion. The heroine (an English woman) smoked a cigarette. She ought not. A very real social question that you tackle, is everywhere present in society, but we can't allow our sheltered, protected clientele to come smack up against it, as you bring them in this story. Now, if you'll take this out, and this out—it could be done so easily—and put this brand of religion, our brand, on it, then we'll consider taking it." I sent it to a real editor, a secular editor, a profane and irreligious editor; and he printed it.

Just as the secular press, so called—I hate the nomenclature, but can't get away from it—makes its profit not by the sale of the sheet, but by the advertising, so does the denominational journal keep its

head above water—sometimes only its nose—by the sale of Sunday School supplies, quarterlies, hymn-books and various by-products and side-lines. Consequently, to keep in good tune with its constituency, it must be undoubtedly orthodox, a doughty defender of denominational war-cries, and must pose as the guardian of safety and sanctity. God wot! Therefore it is forever laying about it with bludgeons. What harm if an obscure pastor is crushed under the wheels of juggernaut, if a college-professor loses his threadbare seat, if all harmony is destroyed by its raucous shoutings and cursings? All this does not drown the jingle of the coin in the money-tills. On the contrary, only those pastors must be allowed to keep their places, those professors their chairs, who will see to it that Juggernaut's supplies and maps and books are purchased by their constituencies.

In brief, the irreligious paper tries to be a pope. Outside the church of Rome, there are a number of different kinds of popes. There is a self-selected pontiff, who seeks, from his pastoral or professorial chair, to regulate the conduct and beliefs of his brethren. There is the secretarial pope, or traveling official of the church who sticks his nose into every crack and corner of his diocese and seats and unseats ministers, hands out preferments and places.

There is the self-constituted local pope, the sermon-taster and adjudicator of word and text. There is the philanthropic pope, who by his long purse thinks to dominate his denomination and to dictate its ways, manners and beliefs. There are even poperies exercised by bodies of men, boards, councils, conferences, conventions. This is one of the cruelest forms of czarism. De Tocqueville once declared: "For myself, if I must feel the hand of power rest heavily upon my brow, I care not if the sceptre be held out over me by a single tyrant, or by a million of my fellow men."

Of all forms of popery, however, deliver me from the paper-popery. This is the wickedest bondage. Against it there is no recourse except dynamite and assassination. The secular press knows so well the blasting power of the printed word that it seldom employs that power even for the demolition of its enemies; wonderful is the self-control exercised in the editorial rooms of great dailies. The irreligious press, however—so frequently miscalled the religious press—is often so utterly godless, heartless, vindictive, selfish, devilish, as no decent secular newspaper would dare, or rather care, to be. Thank God there are many free souls whom the arm of the paper-pope is not long enough to reach and to enslave.

The world wants a great Protestant. I want a Protestant. We want him to establish and, if need be, to edit, himself, a beautiful religious journal, a journal that rings like a golden bell from shore to shore, that calls upon the sweet spirits of reasonableness to sing its poetry, compose its leaders, write its stories, point out its statesmanship, make its estimates and appreciations of great thoughts, movements, books, personalities. To the standards of such a leader will come men of wealth who are humble and contrite, who want no ducat-purchased power over the consciences of their fellow men, and will put into his hand the wherewithal to buy clean, sweet paper and the time and enthusiastic labor of clean, sweet men.

Then with every vestige of sectism and denominational pride broken, burned, squeezed, mashed, thrust down to hell where it belongs, out of the editorial and counting rooms of the great journal, it will emerge to bless and enlighten, to kindle and to warm, to build up and unite and lead on the souls of common men by the thousand who know nothing, and care less than nothing, about the ins and outs, the dark and devious caverns of journalistic popery, and are grieved and offended by the harshness and unbrotherliness of the screaming, rattling, crunching juggernauts.

Come, O Protestant, and when you come, don't forget to bring a pen in your hand. The European war taught us that propaganda is more powerful than battalions, the pen mightier than the sword. Let it be a fountain-pen, and back of it a fountain filled with blood—human blood, kindly blood, loving, pulsing, passionate blood, the blood of meekness and self-abnegation and therefore the blood of world inheritance and redemption. For there never can be any triumphs in this poor world for the self-seeking; triumphs come only to those who bleed, spend and are spent, toil in the dark and the mud, the rain and the cold, that great causes, and the folks great causes bless, may live in the sunlight and the warmth.



## XVII

### NOMENCLATURE

ONE great hindrance to freedom, sincerity and unity lies in the perfunctory employment of old words and cant phrases. Words change. They grow stale. New words are constantly born; and, of course, young things are stronger as well as more attractive. Religious teachers hold us back and even repel us when they insist upon the employment of set expressions just because they are set, were set, by our great-grandfathers or by the Jewish people. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that the great need of theology was to depolarize its terms.

There is the word Sabbath. Why say Sabbath when the man in the street says Sunday. If you use a different nomenclature from his, you build a wall between you and him. Just because the Jew said Sabbath is no sufficient reason why we should. Besides, it is not a true word, it is false. We do not observe the Sabbath; the Sabbath is Saturday, the last day of the week, not Sunday, the first day. Furthermore, we do not observe Sunday with the

same rigor as the Jew observed his Sabbath. The whole meaning of the term has changed. Why then stick to it just because the Bible does; and misrepresent the Bible, too, the while? You say this is a small matter to make so much of? No. Words are dynamite, high explosive; and one should be careful how he uses and abuses them. A whole lot of words thus misused gives a tone of cant to the churchman, which alienates the world.

Another abused word is soul. We talk of saving souls as glibly as we would of saving nickels. Can you save a soul, friend? Perhaps God can; I am not quite sure. It rather seems to me it is mostly up to the soul. Soul is a stupendous word, delicate and fragile, as well as high and grand. It should be handled with care and never manhandled and mauled about. It is like the twenty-second chapter of Revelations—should be approached with bated breath. Instead of which we bawl it out any time and any place. You can't get the British to speak of their flag; it is too sacred. We, however, yell about the Stars and Stripes, and also about souls.

One should be careful about using this word soul. Here is a young lad under age who feels it his sacred duty to volunteer in the army. If he is prevented by the threat of disinheritance, or other powerful parental pressure, he may lose his soul;

if he is treated as a man, he may preserve his self-respect. If his parents are wise, sympathetic, and permit him to make the great renunciation, they may help him save his soul; if they are selfish, hard, and without understanding, they may damn his soul. Here is an occasion, fraught with tragedy, when it is perfectly legitimate to talk about saving a soul.

When, however, we succeed in getting a man to sign a cārd, subscribe to a creed, enroll in a church, and then talk about having saved his soul, it is a bit of presumption, don't you know. He may have saved his own soul; and then again he may not. Certain it is we have not. Men out in the big, big world, men we are fishing for, are rubbed the wrong way when they hear of soul-saving. They instinctively know it for what it is, an assumption of the powers of the Almighty, at the best, and an invasion of the sanctity of the inner life of others, at the worst. It is at least open to question whether there are not many Christians outside of any church. We shall gain in attractiveness to the men of the world when we grow humbler and more moderate in our speech.

Saved is another presumptuous expression. A man is saved, we say. The man who hears us, says *sotto voce*, "How in the mischief do you know?" Really, God knows; and nobody else, sometimes not

even the man himself. Better leave a god-like word, then, for the use of a god.

Grace—it was a beautiful old word in biblical times. It has become quite misty during the lapse of centuries; and one is tempted to believe that when a religious teacher can't think of something definite to say, he lugs in the very indefinite word grace to fill up space and hide the paucity of his thought. Especially does it seem to serve conveniently for padding in prayers, where there is more poverty of thought and aspiration than anywhere else in most church services. Unless a word is very clean-cut and decisive, it is better to stop and define it, than to leave the modern public groping after a meaning. Surely there are plenty of well-chiseled words that men do understand, without harking back to dead centuries for misty ones, however beautiful, that have lost their meaning for the age. Grit means more today than grace.

Urging men to get religion or become religious is holding on to the old conception that men were not by nature religious, but had to get something or become something that was as yet foreign to them. We feel now that the man who is not already religious hasn't been caught yet; that religion is a thing of degrees; that folks ought to be more religious than they are, progressively so.

Of course, professors of religion, or the act of professing religion are anachronisms, due to the change in meaning of the word profess. We do not any longer profess anything. A man confesses his sins, or his tendency to sin, and confesses that Christ is the master aid to overcoming sin, is, in short, the Savior from sin. By the way, we are a bit too prone to talk about sin in the general and abstract, instead of talking of very definite sins. While we are leaping upon sin, in a vague sort of fashion, we might to better advantage plant our knees upon the chest of avarice, cruelty, sweating, meanness, materialism, luxury, which are the sins of our time.

Mercy, for which we appeal to God, we now have a way of thinking he already bestows. Mercy is a thing for which we should appeal to the party of the second part, man. It is man's inhumanity that upsets the world, the acts of heartless statesmen and sweaters, captains of industry and walking delegates, employers of child labor and traffickers in women. We should, to more purpose, appeal to them or—shut them up in jail. Mercy should come from man to man, like the gentle dew upon the place beneath.

Faith, most of the time, could be better lengthened to faithfulness. We need faith all right; there can be no doubt of that; but rather more, if possible,

we need faithfulness, loyalty, untiring devotion to causes, persons, duties. Freewill is for the most part assumed today, and discussion about it is academic and dry as dust. Righteousness sounds ancient and diffuse; better talk more of honesty, justice, integrity, square-dealing.

As for justification, sanctification, and such like, they are the quintessence of dust. How much more effective it becomes to talk to men about being saved, redeemed by aspiration, idealism, than justified by faith. Imputed righteousness is something that the rabbinical Jew could understand, but not the tired business man. Tell a modern American, however, that what counts with the good God is not what a man is but what he wants to be, that our Heavenly Father takes the will for the deed, the aspiration for the actuality, and he pricks up his ears, sighs deeply, and takes courage. You are, too, only putting Paul's old idea into modern custom-made clothes. It becomes recognizable.

The Kingdom of God, while a grand phrase,—and I do not know any to substitute for it,—fails somewhat to grip a nation of democrats. The "Beloved Community" of Professor Royce is beautiful, but not widely known; and might easily become cantish if overworked. I wish our Protestant would ring us out some pealing note of nomenclature that

would express to modern republican ears in adequate form this tremendous idea of Jesus. Kingdom of God, however, we shall probably go on saying to the end of the chapter. Only, let us be careful that when we use it, we use it grandly, and therefore infrequently. As for such expressions as "Six came into the Kingdom last Sunday," or "We baptized ten into the Kingdom," have we any right to use such words? They may have come into the Kingdom, these six or ten; and then again they may not. It were better to use Mr. Sunday's crass and forbidding expression: "They hit the trail." At least there is in it no presumption as to the pearly gates and streets of gold.

Even the word prayer should be used under the breath, softly, and very reverently. A prayer-meeting may be a prayer-meeting; more frequently it is not. Better, on the whole, call it something else, don't you think so? Dr. Mott was sensitive to the aroma of the word prayer when he devised or introduced the term intercession. The situation, however, is here only partly met; for the word is not only religiously archaic but carries with it a perfunctory ring. One old saint I used to know met the need completely, to my ears at least, when he declared that he sat out under his whispering trees in the summer-time and "talked to God." Yes,

that is the idea, and that is the word—talk to our Father. I know we cannot well say in public service: "Let us now talk to God." We cannot eschew the word prayer. Only, somehow, blindly, yearningly, one wants to go slow in the use of the sacred word and wants to mean something when using it.

The words, spoken of in this chapter, are but samples that come almost at random to mind. They will serve to illustrate the principle. I may be far from the road of wisdom and of taste in crying out for alterations in our phraseology; and yet I am perfectly sure that a different attitude toward so little a thing as a word may often spell success or failure in bringing a man or a woman out into a plain path toward religious progress. If the makers of kaleidoscopes must choose with utmost care the shining colored bits that make the wonderful combinations; if the artist selects, with deftness and taste almost supernatural, the pigments that he seems to dash upon his canvas with abandon; if the poet pays heed to every consonant and vowel in composing the reckless flood of his song; how much more should those who touch and tune the delicate instruments of human life for time and for eternity take heed—take heed to the character of spiritual tools and workmanship. Come, Protestant, and give us the great words of wisdom.



## XVIII

### BIBLIOLATRY

THOU shalt have no other gods before me; and yet Protestantism for three hundred years has been worshipping parchment and ink. Catholicism worshipped an old man in a white robe. Protestantism felt the need of some such figurehead—the tendency is strong in man to look for an absolute and unlimited monarch—and so set up the Bible *in loco dei*.

There must be a seat of authority in religion, said Protestantism. Must there? I am not aware of the necessity. On the contrary, I think we can wriggle along without the said authority. We have had so many contradictory thrones of the mighty in religion, that one is inclined to be an insurgent, an anarchist, a Bolshevist, an Irishman always "agin the government." I think the Protestant, when he comes, will dispense with a seat of authority. Strength to his elbow!

The Bible has been Czar long enough, and ground

the faces of the poor. No, not the Bible itself; but the legalists who insisted upon setting it up as an idol. The last fifty years or so—the period of science and critical study—has rung the death knell of bibliolatry. The revolution is all over; the throne is vacant, independence has been declared and made good. There are a few royalists left, of course. There are a few Bourbonites still left in France. Some are in castles and some in hovels; but castle or hovel, they no longer count.

From this on, the Bible must be read with intelligence, not blindness, must be listened to as sounds signifying something, not as jargon, or incantation. A thing is not true because it is in the Bible; it is in the Bible because it is true. There are some things in the Bible that are not true; and many things that have no meaning for the present day. Whole pages of the Bible could be cut out and thrown away, and the world be little, if any, poorer. On the other hand, if the rest of the Bible should perish, human life would scarcely be worth living.

He is a fool who goes to the Bible for astronomy, although the rudiments of that science appear. He is equally a fool who goes to it for a chronology, a cosmogony—forgive these harsh terms!—a hard and fast system of philosophy, jurisprudence, church administration, or what not, except religion, which

is God in the heart. There is plenty of religion there, more than in any other one place in the world, or all places; but it is bunglesome to grind up the quartz with the gold and never separate them; you can't make rings or coins of mixed gold and silt.

Then comes the inevitable, child-like question: "But who is going to separate the two? How can you tell what is gold in the Bible?" The answer is so easy! Give the gold a chance, that's all, in the water or on the separating table, and it will precipitate itself. The brains of a man were given to him to use; let the Bible into the brains and soul of a man and the work of separation is automatic. You can't swallow a literal Jonah, to save your life; so it is second nature to do the next thing, look for the symbolism in the whale just as in the blue-bird. So with the mustard-seed, the eye of the needle, the beasts and the candle-sticks of the seven churches.

It is for us, then, to take the indispensable part of the Bible and use it intelligently, appreciatively, sympathetically. Fancy trying to read Maeterlinck or Charles Rann Kennedy literally. Symbolism is the golden thread of their discourse. So is it with the Bible; and now that criticism has led us into this atmosphere, the Book has become wonderfully enriched for us. It is no longer a geometrical god on a pedestal, but a breathing, vivid, inspired and in-

spiring body of literature, to be examined, estimated, weighed critically, and interpreted spiritually, as any other body of literature should be.

It is full of figures of speech. That is where Tolstoi fell down in trying to interpret the Sermon on the Mount. Father Tom remarked to the Pope that figures of speech are the pillars of the church. There are those who would make figures of speech the literal and legal foundation stones of the church. One thing that strikes you in the teaching of Jesus is his constant use of the hyperbole. If he wished to show how hard it was for a rich man to be spiritual, he said a camel could more easily pass through a needle's eye. To impress generosity, he advised to sell all you have and give to the poor. To suggest humility and unselfish service, he washed his disciples' feet. To illustrate faith, he picked up the nearest mountain and heaved it into the sea. When he liked certain folks' disposition he promised them that they should inherit the earth; and when he disapproved, he prescribed a mill-stone and a deep spot in the sea.

No doubt he resorted to this figure because he was not attempting to establish an exact philosophical system, but giving the world a glistening white ideal. The man of little faith must, therefore, attempt a very little hill and enjoy the splash. From

such teaching one ought not to fashion hard and fast creeds, statutes, recipes for creeds, forms, ceremonials, and ginger cookies. Fancy the literalism that must wash one another's feet today, because he did. Such an act is only appropriate on the part of a beloved captain or a colonel in caring for the blisters of his infantry. No wonder theology fails when it tries to be literal with the Bible. Theology attempts to hit the bull's-eye with a Savage thirty-thirty and telescope sights; while Jesus tucked a can of trinitrotoluol under his arm and went out and blew up the whole target.

I have an idea our Protestant, when he comes, will have no trouble in understanding the orientalisms of the Bible; and that he, too, will talk in hyperboles and things, and that his style can easily be recognized as differing from Rumford's Cook Book, the Ohio statutes, or the Westminster Confession of Faith.

He will have a sense of humor, too, as Jesus had, that will save him from absurdities and grotesqueness, which is more than the divines have had. I read in one of these irreligious-religious weaklies that humor has no place in the discussion of spiritual matters. O, it admits that a bit of humor may appropriately appear in a sermon, like a flash of sunlight on a gray landscape—simile mine—but it must

be chaste. I agree that the humor of the ball-field and the bleachers, in a sermon, rather raises my ire; but I submit that one of the crimes of the church in the past is its utter insensibility to humor. The creed-makers could not have been such consummate asses if they had had even a grain of Aristophanes in their makeup. Science would never have had such a combat with religionists fifty years ago, and higher criticism with the literalists, if the salt of humor had been in the blood of all concerned. The American spirit says, in Kipling, concerning the American citizen: "Mine ancient humor saves him whole." There is at least as much truth as poetry in that line; would God it could be said of the church.

Down off its pedestal, the Bible is a much greater book than it was fifty years ago or twenty-five. It is as if Simon Stylites, or some other hermit, living aloof from the world, and worshipped from afar, had come down from his column or his mountain, to mix with and minister to "my people." Down where the Lord is—among the people—is the place for the Bible. That is where it is today; and we can get near to it, feel its breath upon our faces, touch its hands and the hem of its garment and feel the virtue coming out of it. It is a human book now; it was inhuman yesterday. It is people's com-

fort and inspiration now ; it was a glittering god yesterday.

We are just in a position now to use the Bible, as Protestantism never has been before, to use it with intelligence. Our protester will take advantage of this situation. He will clear away the remnants of bibliolatry from around newly liberated man. He will teach the Bible to way-faring men so they cannot err therein. He will open up green pastures and still waters to the aridity and materialism of the times. He will understand what the prophet meant who said: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people!" He will take the book of Revelation, and instead of computing the fall of kaisers and popes and the end of the world, he will blow a trumpet blast for soldiers, and distill an atmosphere for a league of nations—an atmosphere, mind you, so much more important than a constitution. He will take the Sermon on the Mount and adapt it to modern municipal life, the parables, and open the hearts of men to forgiveness, patience, courage, and untiring prosecution of good causes. He will take the prayers of Jesus and with them engender love in the souls of loveless men and unity in the hearts of divided and warring churches. Come, Protestant, our ears ache for your message.

## XIX

### SCOURGES OF GOD

**I** DOUBT if the Protestant himself will be a revivalist—certainly not in the sense in which that word is commonly used. There is legitimate revivalism and there is an abortion. The Protestant will be against all kinds of abortions.

It is a principle of all life,—is it not?—that progress is not even, and in straight lines. Wheat grows faster on certain days. Farmers speak of good growing weather. Boys shoot up rapidly at a certain, or uncertain, age. Their voices grow hoarse all of a sudden. Not many rivers run steadily toward the sea; their current is now accelerated, now retarded; here is a cataract and there a wide stagnation. Growth, progress, is spasmodic, rythmical; it goes by leaps and bounds.

Consequently, the idea of revivalism is a perfectly legitimate one, and has found sanction in the experience of the church, all the churches. Crusades have been preached, missions undertaken, retreats inaugurated, and passion week and week of prayer



services observed in all times, and with evident results. Indeed, those churches which have neglected revivalism have not been noted for growth; and those which have fostered it have increased in more ways than one.

There are seasons of slackness in individual life and community life; these seasons are logically followed by seasons of awakening and new life. Spring follows winter. All of us feel the dead level of spiritual condition, at times, the monotony, the drought, the atrophy; and it is only legitimate that showers of refreshing should succeed.

There are, nevertheless, revivals and revivals. There are sane revivals and insane revivals. Some people do not like the word revival because it carries to their minds the connotation of insanity. That is not their fault, nor the fault of the word revival; it is a good word. The fault lies with insane revivalists. There are men so bent on achieving their own ends, personal ends, interested ends, whether of financial return or of numbers and noise in the world, that they will go to any length, honest or dishonest, sane or insane, to accomplish them. These are not Whitefields and Wesleys, nor even Moodys and Gypsy Smiths. They are demagogues of the worst type, the religious type.

Think of the brass-bands and the row, the

whooping and yelling, the herding of so-called converts like cattle in a corral, ushers coming forward and counted as newly born—doubtless they need to be, all right enough, but are they?—the vaudeville antics, the offense and the noise. No, I insist that I am attacking no one evangelist, but all of the type. The woods are full of them. I'm shelling the woods. Then, there is the money-getting, the sordidness, the plainly interested motives sticking out all over to make the judicious grieve. And all this furore in the name of the quietest Man that ever walked the surface of the globe.

I have had to do with a few of these typhoid fever revivals; and I would prefer the disease. I have sat and squirmed and blushed and wished I had never been born. I have tried with all my might to join in the sticky sweet waltz-hymns and schottisches; but I drew the line at getting down in the audience to button-hole and bulldoze people into walking down the aisles, whether they wanted to or not.

There are a whole lot of things that folks ought not to be compelled to do if they do not want to, such as holding up their hands to indicate whether they are saved or on the way to the devil. How do they know? And standing up, if they want to make the personal acquaintance of the Almighty,

or keeping their seats if they desire different society. It is not fair to folks to be thus violently denuded in public places.

It is quite open to question whether men should necessarily be compelled to do anything in the way of public ceremonial if they are not inclined. It is sufficient "confession before men" to have one's name listed among the members of a church, and to take one's stand in behalf of all righteous movements. Some men are a bit modest about their spiritual conditions and proclivities. The other sort are not always the most desirable accessions.

I have a friend who made, for his doctor's thesis, a four-year study of the results of small-pox epidemics of revivalism. I have read that thesis. He camped on the trails of these scourges of God, and raked over the records of their destruction. He declares that he is afraid to publish the results of his investigations. Speaking euphemistically, those results show an infinite deal of nothing.

All which goes to show, just by contrast, that real revivalism is valuable. Our Master seemed to believe that personal man-to-man evangelism was the best possible. He was never so happy as in his quiet talks with individual men and women. To Nicodemus he revealed more of his psychology of religion than to any other; to the woman at the

well he spoke his most convicting and convincing words; to Zaccheus and the thief on the cross he brought instant and individual salvation. Even the modern charlatans recognize that the true evangelism is the individual, and they make others do what they will not do themselves, namely, "personal work." They even hire and take along with them professional "personal workers." They declare that "hand-picked" converts are the best; though all the time they are themselves working the crowd psychology to a fare you well.

Enough has been said in this little squib to hint, by way of contrast, at the type of evangelism which ought to prevail, and will prevail when the great Protester gets his hand in. It will be a religious revivalism, first of all, not an irreligious. It will be sincere, without mixed motives, financial and fanatical. There shall enter into it nothing that offendeth and maketh a noise. Its stream will run deep rather than wide, still rather than tempestuous. No polkas and syncopation, no howlings and antics.

It will not measure success or failure by the numbers that stand up to be counted. It will have faith in humanity that it is much better than it is willing to profess itself; and it will have faith in God that he is able to save a great many people whether we get their names listed on cards and in books or

not. If we are inclined to get anxious and excited, it will whisper in our ears the word of Emerson: "Why so hot, little man?" and that of Jesus, "Consider the lilies how they grow."

The new revivalism will induce meditation, which Ian Maclaren declared is one of the lost arts. There will be provocation to thought as well as feeling, and not the less feeling for so much thought. I would rather send a man away from the sanctuary thinking and feeling deeply concerning the issues of his own life than spoiling to smite some real or fancied Philistine with the jawbone of an ass.

It will stiffen men's back-bone for the endurance of the ills of life, temptations of life, hard fights of life; and it will deepen men's appreciation of the beauties that surround them, of nature, of human love, of sacrifice, of music, and the sweetness of words. Actually men will catch deep breaths of joy under its inspiration.

What is the use to specify further? For, after all, the revival will take its tone from the evangel that is preached; and the great Protestant will know nothing else to preach save Christ, the living and dying Christ. That is the message quick and powerful, radiating and uplifting. Where Jesus walks, flowers grow, and never weeds, vulgarities, stories off-color, vain babblings and mouthings,

egotisms. If Jesus is present, he refines speech and action, bestows good taste, doeth all things well.

The criticism to be made on the revivalism of the day is the criticism of the artist on his brother-artist's picture: "Go thou, and look upon the face of Christ."

## XX

### CERTAIN RICH MEN

**I**T is undoubtedly true that most men make money for the power it bestows. It is hard to believe that there are many who love money for itself alone. A real miser is a rare bird. But many men are in the money-making business for the sake of the game. It is the only game they know, many of them, and it may or may not be a very sordid game. If they become skillful players, they have a reputation, and consideration, respect, power. They can make and unmake other men.

If they are avowedly religious men, they sometimes carry their thirst for power—which has been called the last infirmity of noble minds—over into the church. They have got the habit of making and unmaking folks, until it becomes second nature with them to invade all fields. Do they not reach out and manipulate city elections, county and state affairs? Have they not a finger in the national pie? Does not the net-work of their power extend to remote corners of the country and the world? Go

to, then, they think, I will put my fingers upon the keys that manipulate the church and I will play upon that instrument as well; I love to play, and to hear myself play.

Now a rich man should be valued for what he is. Undoubtedly he is some personage, has brains, parts, personality, or he never could have piled up such a mass of wealth. It is not all luck; though we do speak of wealth as "a fortune." Edison is right when he says genius is not inspiration but perspiration—at least as far as the money-making genius is concerned. If, on the other hand, the man has not made but inherited his money, he deserves consideration for his skill and administration in handling it and all its obligations. Consequently a very rich man deserves a certain respect—in proportion to his abilities. Sometimes he deserves almost as much as a great artist, singer, scientist, or poet—sometimes, not very often.

There have been a few rich men who were worthy to sit down at the club in the old Cheshire Inn, or to be admitted to the studios of the *Quartier Latin*. Now and then a rich man has even been worth while enough to gain entrance to the inner circles of the Kingdom of Heaven; but, then, the Master declared that God could even pass a camel through a needle's eye. In proportion, then, to



what he is, his talents, powers, keenness of mind, generalship, he deserves consideration, neither more nor less.

When he begins to presume upon his ducats, then the heads that kow-tow to him ought to bump him in the stomach. Now and then he tries to buy the souls of men, and the over-lordship of the church of Almighty God. Haven't I see him at it? Haven't you? It does not matter what denomination is yours; he is in all the denominations. Maybe he owns four hundred acres of land, contributes fifty dollars or forty a year to the preacher's salary; and maybe the community, the cowardly little community, thinks the whole church business would go to pot if he is miffed. Or maybe he is a multimillionaire, and endows colleges and hospitals, and missionary boards; and therefore trustees run across country to court him; presidents of universities fawn on him with oozing saliva and sycophancy; and he gains the notion that he is a little gold god, when he is nothing but Kipling's "idol made of mud."

I've seen such a rich man throw out his lariat over an entire denomination, catch and draw in most of it, machinery, assembly, educational system, and try to boss it, as he would a city. Some heads slipped out of his noose; and some that he caught ventured

to tell him he was going too far, even as the rope grew taut and drew the struggling pack closer and closer to him, bound hand and foot.

I've seen a rich man buy and own and manipulate the press of a denomination until it could not peep without his beck and call; and I've watched it lose all color and tone and flavor under the blighting ownership.

I've seen a rich man reach out his gold dripping fingers to colleges, and dictate what professors should teach and forbear to teach. I've seen the executive officers tremble at his frown, and hasten to eject the unfortunate whose freedom of the chair he disapproved. Then, too, thank God, I've seen trustees arise in their dignity and tell the rich man to go way back where he belonged and sit down, and his money perish with him.

Israel once got national delirium tremens from worshipping a golden calf; and the snakes will get us, too, if we don't watch out. Must the church go money-mad because our materialistic age has done so? Is the war profiteer to become pope? Not if the thousand and one dead in earnest protesters can prevent.

There have been very respectable armies without shoes, with threadbare clothes, and living on parched corn. So long as they had rifles and courage, they

could hold their own. The Kingdom of God is seldom blessed with great possessions; it can never compare with the kingdoms of this world in this respect. Why, then, barter our rifles and our ammunition, our freedom and manhood, in a vain endeavor to emulate the insurance societies or steamship companies? Away with politics! Let the rich men go, unless they be consecrated rich men, with humble and contrite hearts. Leave it to the ward heelers to court the other kind.

Understand, I have no grudge against rich men. I have a few friends among them. I have no grudge against Prussians, or bulls or Bengal tigers, either, as long as they stay in their place. It is actually worth while to have money, therefore it is worth while to make it, provided one cannot make something better, and provided it is only a by-product to making a life. Some men who have a knack of making money may well serve God and the world by doing it, so as to release for the front lines an Agassiz, now and then, who hasn't time to make money. Only don't let the money-maker imagine himself the general, out at the front, when he is only the munitions-worker.

All this is fine theory, says the hard-headed. It is well enough to talk of being independent of the rich, and of money. It is money that makes the

mare go, in church affairs as in all else. Very well, then, let the mare stand still a while and get her breath. She's got the heaves anyhow: I insist that a declaration of independence of money is necessary to avoid slavery. This is not theory but sober practicality. Until we see it and act upon it, and shake off the devil-fish, there will be no freedom, growth, life of the spirit, breath, blood, and heart in the church. Certain rich men, from Simon and the De Medici clear on down to the most modern times have sought to squeeze the life out of the church. Have done, ye rich, and howl that ye are weak and blind and naked. Why should we have stone cathedrals anyhow? A box pulpit and the Gothic arches of the trees have been cathedral enough for some of the greatest of God's sons. A tent or a pine tabernacle were better than stained glass and groined roofs, if slavery and cold death must be the price of architecture.

Great Protestant, come and grasp the rich man by the shoulders and shove him back into the middle of the congregation. Bring that sewing-girl and set her in the chief seat; that letter-carrier and put him in the Amen corner, that old white-haired bank clerk and let him pass the plate; for verily, before the King, these last will receive as much or more than he,

## XXI

### MONEY AND THE NEW CIVILIZATION

COUNT OKUMA declared that the European war was the end of Western civilization. It looks a bit that way. At all events, there is to be, no doubt, less of blue blood from this out, and more of the common red sort; less of the dominance of mere money and more of the sovereignty of manhood—hitherto a high sounding and empty phrase. At any rate, here's hoping.

The German, while teaching the world other things, has taught also that Kaisers and their cult, capitalistic kultur, the finance that feeds common men to cannons, is the order that has stood long enough in the world. Men are determined it shall stand no longer. Labor is determined; clerks, lawyers, doctors, artists, writers, preachers, and all their ilk, will be determined. Perhaps a new civilization will be born—it looks that way—a civilization in which brain and brawn will both have a chance, along with money. Hail to the new regime!

If that kind of society is born—and some day it

will be—it would be as well for the church to climb into the band wagon ahead of time. Politicians are doing it. Indeed, she ought to be pushing that bandwagon, ought to have been pushing long ago. Spasmodically she has. Here and there she has; but for the most part, she has lined herself up with the comfortable and well-to-do, the deadly middle-class, the friends and sympathizers with the men of big wealth.

One Sunday afternoon in a city where I lived there was a City Missions meeting. An impassioned address was delivered by a man who at least believed in starting churches among working folk, whether he did it or no. There happened to be four strangers present who had drifted in out of the rain. They were laboring men. After the meeting was over these four held a caucus of their own on the sidewalk. They agreed among themselves to subscribe a thousand dollars to a new church if planted among the laboring folk of that city. They brought it before their Labor Council at the Labor Temple; and the Council agreed to put up dollar for dollar up to twenty thousand, if the City Missions committee would raise money to build among them. They so wrote the committee. Nothing was done. The committee was so busy planting new churches in the suburbs, where the “best people” were rapidly

building homes, that it had no time for the proletariat.

Recently, a mass meeting, designed to prevent a strike, was held in a beautiful big up-town church. The strike-leader who had probably not been in a church in many years, was impressed with the environment, the music, and the people. By and by, he said to a friend, a member of that church:

"This is pretty nice. I'd like to belong to this, if it didn't cost so much."

"Doesn't cost anything," replied the church-member.

"Doesn't cost anything?" echoed the laboring man. "Why? What? On the level, now, what's the initiation fee?"

"There is none," replied his friend. "You can join any time you want to, and give as much or as little as you please. It's all voluntary."

"Well, I'll swear!" muttered the man. "You don't mean it?"

Whose fault is it, that the laboring man was not better informed?

On the whole, then, is it the part of wisdom for the church to be courting wealth? If she knows which side her bread is buttered on she would better begin courting poverty; for it will not be so long until income and inheritance taxes will make run-

ning after money a futile game; and men will turn to some game more interesting and that pays better. They may, for example, decide that it is more fun to play golf, tennis, base-ball, or go a-fishing; to learn what good music is and enjoy it; to read a book once in a while, instead of leaving all the book-reading to the women's clubs; even to paint pictures, or at least to go and look at them when painted.

The country, too, has had a taste of public ownership, in the case of railroads, and of public direction, in the case of mines, manufacturies, express and telegraph and telephone systems; and the taste will be in the public mouth a long time. We have shied off from a great many things, as socialistic, and have ended by adopting them—public baths and playgrounds, initiative and referendum, commission form, or city managership form, of city government and the like. The good Lord knows I am no socialist, but I have grown to like all these things; and I am wondering if I am going to like the public ownership of public utilities and possibly even the means of production. O, the war has been driving us ahead fast! The cause of democracy has been fought not merely against the German Kaiser.

Let us hope that the reign of the money-god is almost over. While we are dethroning Czars,



Kaisers, and such, perhaps we shall succeed in de-throning the golf calf also, and usher in a new civilization in which each man gets the profit of the labor wherewith he labors under the sun. Then will he get leave to spend it for the better things, more artistic things, spiritual things of human life. Certain it is that the spiritual things—and all of them are religious—do not flourish under the present system of gauging all things, sublunary and celestial, by the money measure, the rule of gold that is not a golden rule.

How, then, is it possible in an age like this for a church to maintain itself by pew-rents? As well have dues like a club, or an auction subscription sale of boxes and seats, like a theater or grand opera. Why, this age is even beginning to protest against ground rents, let alone pew-rents! Whatever else the apostolic church did, I am sure it did not charge an entrance fee to the catacombs, or the caves, or the out-of-the-way spots it sought in which to worship. The fact the ancients did not is, perhaps, no reason why we moderns should not; but there are modern reasons enough in all conscience. Fancy the discrimination in it! The most religious person in the place, that stenographer yonder, has the seat farthest back or none at all. Such a plan may save souls, but only nice souls.

The attitude of the church toward men and money is precisely the attitude that a young woman choosing a mate should assume, but most often does not. If she only knew it, it is far wiser to marry a man without money, than money without a man; for given a man, enough money will surely come; but given money, a man is not always a corollary.

No, my dear rich friend, the church of the future is going to be sublimely unconscious of the value of money and the value of you mere moneyed men. It is going to estimate men as God would, at their personal value—the way we have always talked but never acted. It is going to try and save all souls, not merely nice souls. It is going to assume toward men the same attitude that you or I would assume toward two little naked Hawaiian children who on the beach come running up to us. One has his hand outstretched and shouts: "See, see, what I have got." And in the hand are a dozen shining pebbles from the sea. The other hangs back, one chubby fist behind him, and the fingers of the other hand twiddling with his lips in embarrassment. When we urge him to show what he has, he reluctantly brings out his little palm and shows us three dingy stones. Do we have to respect one and not the other? O, this is platitudinous; but as sure as you live it is going to become multitudinous! Didn't

Tolstoi prophecy it when, in 1910, he prophesied the war?

Dear rich sir, that is what this European war was all about. Haven't you found that out yet? Someone tells the story of the American ambulance-driver back of the French lines. He had four stretcher cases in his car, four poilus and two common German soldiers. Suddenly they came bringing a walking-wounded German officer. "Can you take him, too?" they shout. "He must be gotten back quickly if his life is to be saved." "Yes," replies the American. "Here you, Fritzie, climb in behind." The German officer, seeing the four common soldiers in the ambulance, shrank back, crying: "I am a baron and an officer, and I will not ride with private soldiers." Then replied the American boy: "I am an American and a plumber, and I say you shall!" That's what the war was all about.

The common man found himself in the war. It reminds me of the way the common man found himself in the "Servant in the House." Robert, the vicar's brother, was a drainman, a very dirty, mucky plumber. He did not think much of himself until Manson awoke him to the dignity of himself and his task. Then when the vicar, in humiliation, was coming to the recognition that he himself was nothing and of no worth, Robert cried out:

"Well, I'm summat! By God, I'm the drain-man!"

That's what the war was all about. Is the church not going to be wise enough to recognize the fact, and assume the right attitude, at last, towards all men, "all sorts and conditions of men" that it has so long prayed about and paid scant heed to?

In my soul I do not believe it is the ministers who have erred here as the laymen have. It is the men charged with the finances of the church and the church machinery, the deacons and stewards and trustees, who have to find the money to make the mare go. These are the men responsible for giving seats to the man with the gold ring, courting the merely wealthy man, locating missions and Sunday schools only in those quarters of cities where the "best people" are going to live. Not all the narrowness and bigotry originates in the pulpit. Lots of it comes from the pew.

Our big Protestant, when he comes, will knock the spots out of these money distinctions; he may knock the spots out of the men concerned, both rich and poor. He may leave them well nigh spotless. One thing is sure, he will respect no man's outward person; he will look through the windows of the eyes to what is within, as the great Master did; men's foreheads will be plate-glass to him, and he

will see the wheels go round inside; men's breasts will be transparent; cloth will not stop his vision; hearts and brains and souls alone will interest him. I am hungry for him to come.

## XXII

### A NICHE FOR EVERYONE

ONE absolute necessity for the effectiveness of the church is the ability to use everybody who wants to serve. Unless we can learn to do this, we must lose force and material. In other words, the church must learn general mobilization. Everybody, man or woman, high or low, that wants to get in,—and some that do not—must be provided with a post of duty.

The old church of Rome knew how, still knows how, to do this. Nobody, however humble or ignorant, is turned away, with fingers in his mouth, from her recruiting offices. If the applicant is ignorant, she tries to teach him. If he is too old to learn new tricks, she gives him a watch dog's station somewhere. No matter what his present or previous condition of intellectual servitude, she finds him a job. Protestants must go and do likewise.

The whole secret here is one of administration, organization. So, of course, we run up against the old obstacle, the old thorn in the flesh, sectism.

How can we be effective in putting everybody to work, so long as we are split into a couple of hundred contending and loose-jointed and rattling units? Union, harmony, generalship, a great chief Protestant is the crying need.

Here is a man—this is an actual modern instance in the city where I live—who turns out to be a genius in handling young men, especially mechanics. In a certain big business concern where hundreds are employed, he gathers the lads up into the hollow of his hand, and forms a huge Sunday class. He knows them all by their first names—Tom, Jim, Dick, Harry. The firm supports him, for the moral influence he exerts among its men. The class becomes a Sunday afternoon adjunct of a nearby church. He swamps that church by the size of his concern. The tail wags the dog; so they cut off the tail. The Y. M. C. A. will not receive the dogless tail, cannot well handle it, hasn't any bob-tailed dog to stick it onto. The consequence is, the man and his derelict class, big enough to parade the streets with banners and to be felt in the city life, is cut off from church association; they meet in a barn-like hall of the factory, which lacks all the sanctity and sanction of the church. It is too bad. That kind of man, instead of being left with a resentful feeling toward organized religion, ought to be under

the wings, the protection, and the encouragement of the church. It is no one church's fault; it is the fault of the whole futile, sectarian condition in which we find ourselves.

On the other hand, quite a different type of man, the well educated, steel-spring minded young fellows of the age, we well know, are not, in large numbers, attracted to the ministry as a calling. Some of the reasons for this have been amply hinted at in this iconoclastic diatribe, such as divinity education, an unregenerate press that passes as religious, would-be popes that try to ravish away the liberties of the clergy, the yielding up by so many ministers of their freedom and manhood to the tyrannies of the times. Somehow, by revolt, destruction, revolution, these inhibitions must be removed, and careers must be open to the finest. Young men, today, are not looking for emolument alone. They are looking much more for service, opportunity to develop personality, elbow-room, air to breathe, life to live. Give them a chance for self-expression in the church and they will eagerly embrace it. Let church leaders be useful men, touching the community life and the world-life at many points, and the young lads will see and be inspired by the example and the opportunity.

Emolument, however, has something to do with



the case. Most ministers are underpaid, rural ministers in particular. Farmers know the worth of a dollar. There are some who can squeeze a silver piece till the eagle screams. It is hard lines for the small town or country preacher, unless he owns a farm. It is hard lines even then; for folk of limited vision think he ought to be dressed in black all the time and preach for nothing. He can't do both. City pulpits are better subsidized, but in many there is room for improvement. British authorities are beginning to say that every clergyman's stipend should be doubled. Good. Take it away from the bishops and give it to the clergymen. The same personal magnetism, education, and social and platform ability, would command greater rewards in other pursuits. The proof of this lies in the number of ministers who have been going into the oil business, insurance, real estate, what not, and making good. I am not a gored ox, in this respect, for pecuniarily I am independent of my church.

More might be said of pensions for old age and disability. There should be a Carnegie foundation for the entire church and would be, if it were united. Here is the same old difficulty, divided councils, inefficient administration.

Here, too, is a great company of unutilized women in the churches. If it is true that sixty-five

to seventy-five per cent of the church membership is made up of women, why is it that there are so few of them on church boards and vestries and in the pulpits? Because Paul said two thousand years ago, "Let the women keep silence in the churches." He wouldn't say that today. The suffragists would mob him, and rightly, too. He would be too wise to put himself in such danger. Some of these women have more brains in a minute than the whole vestry put together, with the rector thrown in, and twice as much religion.

The church, however, always comes trailing along behind governments, business concerns, and political parties; so one day it will, all of a sudden, put women where they belong, in positions of trust and responsibility in the churches. Some enlightened communities are already doing it, as deaconesses, board members, and even preachers. The Friends have used women as ministers to great advantage; and the associate pastor at the London City Temple now is a woman.

One of the most serious problems of a large church is the finding of jobs for all the willing people, and the finding of the right willing people for all the jobs. Here is where a real administrator in an important pulpit is put to the test. Now, if the church as a whole were united, were organized,

efficiently administered, every bit of unutilized material would be fitted into its proper place; everybody who wanted to work would be given a fair, square chance to work; and all the enterprises of the church would be more adequately manned and womaned.

The need is a crying one for a great general, as crying as the chaos of Russia or the French commune. We need a tall general, who, like George Washington, can crack together the heads of mutinous minute men, make an army hang together and fight the foe instead of each other, and organize divisions and army corps instead of independent units pulling in independent directions.

## XXIII

### WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?

“**H**E that would be chief among you, let him be your servant.” Jesus knew he was making a revolutionary statement when he spoke these words. He knew he would not be believed, even if understood. Perhaps, too, he knew that it would be many centuries before men would begin to comprehend his meaning. He realized quite well that his followers would fight over the matter of chieftainship. Maybe he understood that nations would later fight over the secret of greatness; for did he not say “I came not to send peace but a sword?”

The old way of gaining mastery was by strength. It was not the meek that should inherit the earth, according to the conventional notions; and even now twenty centuries after Jesus came, the whole world is fighting because it does not comprehend what he taught concerning the path to glory.

We are seeing more clearly every day that we are struggling for democracy. At first we could not

comprehend how the Allies, with Russia among them, the greatest autocracy of them all, apparently, could be fighting for the little nations and the common man. Then the autocracy crumbled, on a day, and democracy had won for the Russians. Italy was a second-class power with imperialistic ambitions. Then she was hurled back upon her own soil, and suddenly developed what she has never fully had before, a national and a democratic spirit. England is on the point of revolutionizing her house of lords, and giving home rule to Ireland. French financial powers have received a setback; Bolo Pasha has been executed; and a people's premier is in the saddle. Even America is becoming daily more democratic under the stress of war. It is not merely German imperialism that is tottering to its fall; we daily see more clearly that the brooding man in the White House, the most influential human being that walks the earth today, is dreaming of the downfall of imperialism of all kinds and everywhere.

The foes of democracy that we are fighting, moreover, are disclosing themselves more fully as the days go by. We begin to understand how the doctrine of evolution, so valuable a working tool, has been misfashioned by the false emphasis of German thought into a weapon. The "survival of

the fittest" has merged itself into the doctrine of the superman. Only those men and those nations deserve to live, says this distorted teaching, which are strong and can march over the prostrate forms of the weak and the unwise. No charity any more in the world, only cold selfishness. Might makes right. Trample the weak under foot, fainting and bleeding. On with the strong! Nature is red in tooth and claw; so must nations be, for the sake of the state. Frightfulness is a policy designed to strike terror into the weak for the triumph of the strong.

This is the poison current that has flowed from Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Von Bernhardi into the blood of humanity. It is not confined in its influence to Germany. It is not unknown in the thought of those peoples who have sent sons to German universities. Indeed, it is all too quick of growth in the hearts of human beings, anyway, in all time.

Naturally this overemphasis and perversion has affected all the philosophy of life, society, science and manners. Efficiency, strength, material supremacy, these are the things sought for and all but worshipped, under its influence. The Superman, or as he is called in American slang, the "he-man," becomes the acme of the race. He pushes out the art-

ist, the musician, the thinker and dreamer; he tramples down the finer, gentler, more spiritual elements of human nature; there is no room in his world for the impractical, the unwise, the inefficient, the weak. Success is the thing clutched—success by the cold, cruel standards of the artistocracy of the fittest.

Naturally, as a corollary of this philosophy of imperialism, might becomes right, strength holds the sceptre. No debt is recognized toward the unfit. "I am debtor both to the wise and to the unwise," is heresy. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, the foolish things to confound the wise," becomes the merest nonsense, a sort of superstitious jargon. It has no place in commercial, political, diplomatic affairs. We begin to see that Germany is not alone in being inoculated with this virus. Germany has simply been logical and pushed the doctrine of the superman to its inevitable conclusion. Treaties become scraps of paper; contracts are to be broken when convenient; laws to be evaded; deceit becomes a fine art; all is fair in the war for supremacy in politics, in the markets; espionage on the enemy nation or the enemy firm is part of the business. We can recognize some of these as foes of our own household.

To the German mind, the apparent results of the Franco-Prussian war and the regime of Bismarck justified the blood-and-iron doctrine. Prosperity ran riot in Germany for two generations. Not even the United States enjoyed any such industrial progress. "It is war," said the German, "it is blood, the sword, unscrupulous strength, that has made us so great. Let us have more war." All this time, other nations, too, were recognizing that commerce was a form of war, that "peaceful penetration" was disguised conquest, that imperialisms might be just as real without being so bloody. After all, the doctrine was almost the same, although taking a different guise.

What this doctrine of efficiency has done to religion scarcely needs to be stated. The only god possible under it is the god of the Hun, the god of battles, the god of ancient Israel, the god of a Teuton, a tribal heathenism, a sort of Thor or Woden. If he prays at all, it is to such a bloody god that the German kaiser must pray. If he prays at all it is to such an ironfisted god that the unscrupulous business captain must pray, no matter to what nation he may belong. Religion becomes a thing of luck, chance, incantation, plus efficiency. God is on the side of the heaviest battalions, or the submarine, or the long range gun that kills women and children at church.



If this doctrine that to the strong belong the spoils, that the superman shall inherit the earth, is untrue—and it is unbelievable that, in the long run, humanity will assent to it—then what is the true doctrine of human relations? What is the real secret of greatness? Jesus said: "He that would be chief among you, let him be your servant." That is his statement as to individual and national greatness and, when all is said and done, we shall not find a better.

We have had much discussion as to what this democracy is, for which we are fighting. English writers have been sending messages to the American press about it; and American thinkers have been expounding it for British consumption. We have heard much about delegated democracy, elective democracy; and it all seems rather hazy. Vachel Lindsay's poem about the shade of Lincoln walking the earth these days, grieved and pained by the renewal of an old strife fought for freedom, groaning with the travailing earth in the pangs for a "new birth of freedom," may be applied, tenfold intensified, to the Man of Nazareth, who sorrows over the mad deluded strife of men for ends that they do not themselves comprehend.

The Man of Nazareth declared that democracy is service; that the chief man among us is the one

who is servant of all; that all men are equal, except in service; that the great man is the great helper of other men; that the only road to distinction is the road to usefulness; that the path of glory is the path of the bended knee. "Not by might, not by power, but by spirit"—the spirit that led to foot-washing, to sore-healing, to the lifting up of men who were sick, foolish, sinful, inefficient, down and out. That is the definition of democracy. As soon as we put it into practice, and the ambitious become first of all ambitious to be useful, there will be no difficulty at all about ways and means, elective or delegated. These last will take care of themselves.

That, after all, is what this war is all about. It is a war for democracy, in and out of Germany; it is a war to pound into the hard head of this old world that the only path to individual and national glory is the path of "you-first and me-last," the path of meekness which is far from emasculation, the path of spent-strength, shed-blood, self-submergence, dying abnegation. If that idea is once driven into the thick skull of this round earth, it will be worth all that the war has cost in wounds and death.

How does America measure up to that standard? Undoubtedly the ideal is a fine, high one; a dazzling light. American business glances at it, and begins to blink its eyes. Our municipal politics gives one

glimpse at it and turns blinded away. Even our social and religious system, if brought before it, begins to suffer ophthalmia. If only one nation, like our own, were truly democratic, with the democracy of service, the lesson would be so clear, the effect so startling, that all the peoples of the earth would quickly throw away their aristocracies, stratifications, imperialisms, to go and do likewise.

Gradually we are catching the idea, a few prophetic souls in one nation and another. It is not surprising, after all, that it has taken a selfish world two thousand years to even babble the alphabet of the greatest thing in the world—the democracy of love and service. Boy scouts are being ingrained with it,—loyalty, obedience, courtesy, service. Young lads, choosing a life calling, are beginning to ask, not as they did a generation or two ago, "How can I make the most money, gain the highest position?" but "How can I be most useful, do the most good, render the best service?"

To be sure such a program will sacrifice efficiency. An autocracy is always more efficient than a democracy. Fisher Ames is quoted by Emerson in his essay on politics as saying: "A monarchy is a merchantman which sails well, but will sometimes strike on a rock and go to the bottom; whilst a republic is a raft which would never sink, but then

your feet are always in the water." Any man who has tried first the autocracy of self, with its efficiency, its hardening processes, its bitterness, jealousy, greed, remorse, and then has turned to the democracy of unselfish service, with its cold, mud, ice, and wounds, will say: "Give me the part of love, service, sacrifice. Let me die even in youth, but die in service. It is the best thing I have ever known or done."

The very church of Jesus Christ must learn this thing. Here is the church self-seeking, looking for place and pelf and power. The men in it want to be heads of committees, stand in the aisles, hold front seats. Rich men in it try to buy up preachers, the opinions of their brethren, the seats in college faculties; they try to introduce the imperialism of business into the church; they even subsidize the press, and attempt, with the methods of politics, to dominate their denominations. The church follows the lead of the might-makes-right spirit of the age, and of the ages, and is split into sectism, futility, helplessness. Paradoxically, the methods of the autocracy have not resulted in efficiency. Selfishness has proved fatal to the church. She must be the first of all to kneel down at the feet of the world, the bleeding feet of the world at war, and wash them. She must get a new birth of freedom through

loving sacrifice. The church first of all must be made safe for democracy. Then and only then can she lead and teach the world.

It is a weary day this, but a great day. We are covered with dust and sweat and grime and blood; but thanks be to God we are traveling and travailing toward the great light. We have tried the survival of the fittest, the rule of blood and iron; and we have found nothing but slavery and abortion in it; it is our foe and we shall strangle it. With all our groping for theories of government, we find no solution except the solution of Him of Nazareth: "He that would be chief among you, let him be your servant." We find it too great and high for us, this law; but we reach up to it, we struggle on toward it, and, our little day being done, please God, we shall have brought the weary old world, by our sorrow and our pain, a little nearer to it. To have done that is worth living for, bleeding for, dying for.

## XXIV

### A LETTER TO THE PROTESTANT

**D**EAR Mr. Protestant, I don't know where you are, but you are "somewhere in America." I hope this may happen to reach you. You may be just being born; or you may be secluded in some "prep" school, or college; or you may be dozing in some professorial chair or pulpit; and again you may be assistant cashier of a bank or a member of the typographical union. Wherever you are, please hurry up and get born or wake up, or come out of your shell and lift up your voice with strength; be not afraid.

I'll tell you where I think you are. I am not sure; but I believe you are in the Eastern half of America; not on the seaboard; but somewhere between the Mississippi and the seaboard. The seaboard no longer wags the rest of the country, hasn't for many years. You're in Chicago, Pittsburg, Canton Ohio, or Kalamazoo. Wherever you are, here's to you!

A lot of us are waiting for you, old man; we want to flock under your banners. A lot of us are

capable of being your lieutenants, captains, colonels, and such like; we know pretty well where we belong and will be able to advise you about that. Some of us will want to be brigadiers, and some will want to be flyers, who are only fitted to trudge along in command of little squads of infantry; but you will know best about that; you needn't take our word for it. Only, do, please, for the love of—the Kingdom, hurry and come along. We have this one quality of leadership among us, at least, that we know how to follow when a great man leads. We are waiting for you, father Abraham, many thousand strong.

Maybe you haven't recognized yourself yet. It is a presumption, no doubt, to try to hold the mirror up to you; but here is our general idea of what you look like. We may be wide of the mark, if so, forgive us and forget it. You ought to be pretty much of a husky; you will have to be, to stand up under the pounding you will get. If you are very ugly, all the better; handsome men are too often fools and knaves; but you must be ugly enough to be fascinating and lovable. Your nerves must be of cat-gut, your muscles of piano-wire. Your tongue should be of gold, silver, or iron, one of the three; perhaps iron is the best; your pen, of steel.

As to your mind, have I not indicated it must be

big as all outdoors, free, free as air, strong, so strong that iron bands could not hold it prisoner? None of your super-man business, but just man with a mind, his own absolutely and solely his own. A will that is pliable, like hickory, and not brittle like steel; not inflexible, but flexible with resilience and power. Of course your heart must be right, tender and gentle, with power of love passing the love of women,—a heart that no matter how much it bleeds, will never sway your cool judgment. Ah, you see, you must be a pretty considerable man!

Then your piety. All religious writers feel they must say something about the "spiritual element," as if all that I have here described is not spiritual. They mean of course the praying side of your nature. I am a bit chary about writing of prayer, speaking of prayer. The man the world and I are calling for will know best how to live in company and communion with his Maker. Your piety will be your own and not prescribed. You will be acquainted with the lives and prayers of the saints of all times, of course, for you will be a man of culture, devotional culture among the rest; but you will adopt only such habits of this saint or that as fit best your own particular peculiarities and personality.

Your faith,—well, it will be deep and profound



and firm and unshakable. I think it will center around God and Christ, and ray out like the spokes of a golden wheel to the periphery of man's limits of mind. It will refuse to be bound by anybody; of course it stands to reason that you cannot permit so free a faith as yours to be hampered and limited by littler men, nor even men as great who are no longer living. Yours is a living faith and will be a growing faith so long as you live; then it will become sight.

There you are. It is a big contract to live up to. Don't let the expectations we have of you daunt you. You never will, if you are the leader we expect you to be. If you quail before it, or do not have an adequate measure of your own capacities and powers, you are not the man. The call is as loud as the call for the Messiah, and only a man partaking of messianic qualities can answer it.

Perhaps, after all this wailing and scribbling, these words will never fall under your eye. The chances are they never will. Circumstances will most likely push you out into your great work—the general call of your time. Anyway, I am doing my little best to add to the clamor of your time. So are a crowd of us. We are just simply spoiling for you to come—no slang 'about it—and spoiling for the fight that you will lead. We have so long

been beating the air, bush-whacking, scouting around the edges, fighting little isolated battles. We want to be gathered up into a coherent and mobile mass and hurled at the line of the enemy until we drive it in and break it. You will know how to form that wedge, and how to give it cleaving power.

It is needless to add that you will undoubtedly gather up all that is here vaguely and scatteringly hinted at into your own personality and launch it at the head of the devil and the devilish world. You will be a human Protestant like Luther; you will be impatient of sects, creeds, names, forms and such; but you will not be merely a destroyer, you will fulfill; you will build up Christianity on the ruins of Churchianity, education on the shards of pettifogging demagoguery, manliness in the ministry on the ashes of femininity, living literature on the relics of bibliolatriy and irreligious journalism, modern speech in place of the husks of ancient cant and outgrown nomenclature, and a proper appreciation of manhood and its worth in place of the worship of mere money. I am dying to hear you speak, and to see the sparks and the fur fly.

You will do, and say, and be a vast deal more than is even hinted in these broken words and mean. This book, I know, is Bolshevistic, destructive.

Yours will be the part of building up, of orderliness, of positive achievement. This is a voice crying in the wilderness; yours will be a trumpet call for the hosts to gather. This is a hammer, knocking on oaken doors; you will lift the doors off their hinges and slam them over the cliff.

The time is at hand, my Protestant. The stage is all set. The great war, with all its destruction has luridly set the stage. The audience is waiting breathlessly for the play—the new play—to begin. The supernumeraries are ready, and the minor actors, all togged out and rehearsing their lines in corners. It is your bell! Step out, let the curtain rise on the new, large drama. Thrill us through and through; unite us, players and audience, in one mighty spirit. Come, let's go!

THE END

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